

# THE NEW YORK MIRROR

# THE NEW YORK MIRROR

## A REFLEX OF THE DRAMATIC EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

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## Newspaper Lying.

As THE MIRROR has always been a staunch advocate and active exponent of the best principles in journalism, it is glad to note the frank and fearless manner in which President Cleveland has denounced the license and mendacity of the press at large. The proprietor of *Puck*, Mr. Joseph Keppler, recently wrote to the President requesting him to contradict a slander invented by the New York correspondent of the *Indianapolis Journal*, representing that a change in *Puck's* attitude toward the Chief Executive was due to the fact that Mr. Keppler had applied for an office in the interest of his brother-in-law, and that Mr. Cleveland had declined to grant the favor.

In his reply to the publisher the President not only brands the statement as utterly and entirely false, but bravely and forcibly expresses his views on the subject of newspaper lying in general. The members of the profession are probably more sinned against in this respect than any other class of people, except politicians, and the words of Mr. Cleveland are likely to secure unanimous endorsement among our readers. "I don't think," he writes, "there ever was a time when newspaper lying was so general and so mean as at present; and there never was a country under the sun where it flourished as it does in this. The falsehoods daily spread before the people in our newspapers, while they are proofs of the mental ingenuity of those engaged in newspaper work, are insults to the American love for decency and fair play of which we boast. \* \* \* I cannot refrain from saying that if you ever become a subject of newspaper lying and attempt to run down and expose all such lies, you will be a busy man if you attempt nothing else."

The words of Mr. Cleveland have the indignant ring of a man who has personally suffered from the abusive uses of the types; but his remarks are justified by the general condition of the press, and they are entitled to grave consideration, emanating as they do from the man who holds the highest office within the gift-power of our Republic. We do not wish to be understood as saying that the President's strictures have a universal application. There are many newspapers that manifest a proper regard for decency and truth. But these, weighed in the balance with the mass of publications in this country of an entirely opposite character, simply form exceptions to the rule. Lurid sensationalism, reckless meadacity and habitual lewdness are the banes of American newspaperdom. Scrupulous honesty of purpose, stalwart fair-dealing are strangers to most of our leading journals. Here in New York, for example, among eight morning newspapers but two are consistent adherents to the motto *sans peur et sans reproche*, which should be blazoned in every editorial sanctum. Of the remaining six two are ably written, but venomously personal; one is frivolous and farcical, one is negative, one is brilliantly scandalous, and the last is a mammoth compendium of blatant ignorance, hysterical sensationalism, vulgar vilification and prurient filth. Actors and actresses fare quite as ill at the hands of these journals as do public officials and political candidates. They are the targets for impudent criticism, foolish comment and degrading gossip. They are bantered, ridiculed, satirized, scandalized, lied about, and their private affairs are exposed to the vulgar inspection of a herd of readers who are eager to follow the favorites of the stage into the sanctity of their homes and domestic relations. Many of them, therefore, will appreciate the full force of Mr. Cleveland's startling statement that "there never was a time when newspaper lying was so general and so mean as at pres-

" They will realize, moreover, the truth of the President's assertion that it is futile to correct this kind of lie or to secure righteous punishment of the liars. The vaunted "liberty of the press," about which so much is prated, is in reality a high-sounding equivalent for limitless license. Our papers will not truly embody the spirit of American right, justice and freedom until the men controlling them learn how to use and not abuse the liberty vouchsafed them. Liberty, judiciously enjoyed, is a priceless boon, not a shameful bane. Our journals are too often converted into engines of oppression and irremediable injury. We are not included among those who proclaim that the press is the voice of public opinion—it should be, but it isn't. It is generally the voice of prejudiced, irresponsible and arrogant individuals who know little and care less about the *vox populi*. To think otherwise would necessitate the ridiculous assumption that our people love lies better than truth and prefer

wrong to right. The newspapers assuredly do not illustrate the ideas, tastes and opinions of our nation. It may be asked why papers notoriously unreliable in the presentation of news and disgracefully ribald in their treatment of individuals achieve remarkable prosperity, if not remarkable influence? These publications circulate largely among undiscriminating, uneducated and depraved classes, and in lieu of a better medium for acquiring information as to the happenings of the day, decent and intelligent people are forced to have recourse to them. The greed for circulation, the heated effort to outstrip competitors, prompt many journalists to employ with appalling recklessness every available avenue of news. To beat a rival, to be foremost in printing the details of a scandal, is sufficient inducement for most of them to give publicity to anything on earth. With editor and reporter a criminal abuse of privilege and

tive and useless for people who have suffered injury at the hands of unscrupulous newspapers, although for purposes of annoyance and malice they are sometimes serviceable. Suits for damages based on the publication of libels are usually forced, while criminal prosecutions—probably because sufficient odium is not attached to offences of this nature—nearly always come to naught. A revision of the criminal law of libel and a stricter enforcement of it is essential to the purification of journalism. Experience has proved that the people cannot or will not discriminate in the support of worthy as opposed to unworthy newspapers; hence there is need of some sterner and more practical method of dealing with the question. "Our readers" thus agreed with Mr. Cleveland that newspaper lying is more prevalent and meaner in this country at the present time than anywhere else, and furthermore that it is impossible to stem the

from all that has been said about her, was a person rather above the average run of Parisian *cocottes*.

About a hundred years ago there lived in one of the Normandy villages a sort of half beggar and half prostitute named Louise Renée i'lessis. She was a daughter of Marie Plessis and Claude Lejeune, a farmer. This hag had for a lover the son of an excellent bourgeois family, Marin Decours, who was a priest. A son was born to them and was inscribed on the parish register under the name of Marin Plessis, but he was always called Marin Decours. He was, as most children born under such circumstances are said to be, handsome and well formed. He became a sort of peddler and went from village to village captivating all hearts. At Saint Germain-en-Clairefouille he met, in 1801, Mile. Marie Deshayes, young, beautiful, rich and noble, and they were married. The father of Marie, Louis Deshayes,

and calculation with Marin, the peddler; a heritage of lying from her father and mother. Marie Duplessis was a notorious story-teller. When asked one day why she told so many lies, she replied that lying whitened the world. From the priest, Marin Decours, who was a miserable fellow, his granddaughter inherited hardly any characteristic, unless it was a vague and sentimental religious instinct which, at the close of her life, changed to a sincere feeling. From her mother she did not inherit her tender sentiment. From her grandmother, Anne d'Argentelles, one can see the distinction and an aristocratic bearing. Her mother paid for a duck with a gold coin, and Anne knew her. She received from her mother, her mother, also, that Anne had a very kind soul, which kindled her soul. In the last year of her life, she had formed around her a little circle of friends, who were dead a poet, who was a painter, and who, however, mingled with an audience.



## PAULINE HALL.

power is customary. The gatherer of news habitually romances, and is proud of the accomplishment. Words are attributed to public men, sometimes bearing upon important subjects, which they have never uttered. Lapses in a "story" are supplied by the reporter's imagination. Little pains are taken to verify reports. Rumors are given out freely as facts. No wonder that sensible people are wont to treat with suspicion much that they read. If they knew precisely the manner in which the average daily is gotten up they would be inclined to believe nothing at all. The European governments keep a watchful eye on the newspapers, particularly to prevent dangerous or seditious political utterances, and the private rights of their citizens and subjects are fairly protected. In England the law of libel is severe, and it is frequently enforced with wholesome effect. In this country the laws are practically inopera-

torrent of mendacity once it sets in a particular direction. A remedy must be adopted, for a pure press is necessary to a strong and prosperous nation. When the revulsion comes and newspapers are no longer dangerous weapons handled by cunning knaves and irresponsible fools, the profession, which has suffered innumerable outrages, will, indeed, have reason to feel grateful.

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**Camille.**

No figure in modern French dramatic literature has been more discussed than Marie Du-plessis, the girl whom Dumas *filz* has immortalized as the Dame aux Camélias, and who in the English adaptation of the piece is known as Camille. Notwithstanding all that has been written about her, it appears there is still something to say. In a recent publication the Count Contades has established the genealogy of the celebrated girl, who, it appears

was grandfather of the Dame aux Camélias. He was what is called a *mari complaisant*, for he turned his back while one of the wealthy lords of the manor made love to his wife. Six months after the marriage of Marie Deshayes and Marin Plessis the young couple quarrelled like cats and dogs. They continued to live together notwithstanding their differences, and on Jan. 16, 1824, their daughter Marie was born—this Marie that was to turn the heads of so many men and to be immortalized by the younger Dumas.

After having traced the history of Marie Duplessis' ancestors—the Dame aux Camelias called herself Duplessis—the Count Contades tries to indicate the influences which have determined the vocation and hastened the life of the Dame aux Camelias. It appears from this examination that most of the bad instincts came from the Plessis side of the house. Prostitution and debauchery with Louise, venality

who can talk the money out of man's pocket, and there can be no stronger proof of the power of eloquence. Peter the Hermit ~~had~~ <sup>had</sup> talked the Crusaders into the Holy War. Men ~~had~~ <sup>had</sup> talked the Germans into the Reformation. The world has been talked or kicked into ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~way~~ <sup>way</sup> since the days of Adam, and it ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~now~~ <sup>now</sup> that Eve was beguiled.

# THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

## At the Theatres.



A large and responsive audience gathered on Tuesday at the Union Square Theatre to see Margaret Mather in *Leah, the Forsaken*. Before the performance began the announcement was made that owing to sudden illness Milnes Levis's part of *Nathan* would be filled by Frank Tannhill, who had but a few hours' notice. Moseenthal's drama is sombre and tedious. The strange, weird, unhappy creature who is its heroine wins sympathy for her persecutions, but repels it with her fierceness and vindictiveness. There are but two scenes in which she is womanly, the tryst with Rudolph and the point where she is turned from his door. In the fifth act, where she curses the man who has cast her off, she is transformed into an avenging angel; her malice seems warmed by hell's fire, and all that we love and admire in woman disappears from the fantastical figure towering in the moonlight over the prostrate recruit's body, pouring upon him flaming words of agony and unholy rage. It is only such a genius as Margaret Mather who can clothe a part of this forbidding nature with strong human interest. She enthralled the spectators on Tuesday evening and stirred them several times to a point of uncommon enthusiasm. There were repeated calls after every act. And truly the approbation thus generously bestowed was thoroughly deserved by the object thereof, for the actress gave a memorable personation of the character—a personation which many who recalled Kate Bateman, who played it twenty years ago, agreed was the finest ever given. When Leah made her first entrance, bounded by the frantic villagers, her hair dishevelled, her heart panting with fear and anger combined, she presented a picture not soon to be forgotten. With the dark tresses and picturesque dress of the Jewess she was impressively handsome, and her expressive eyes, flashing defiance at her persecutors, were the faithful mirror of a high-spirited, determined soul. The meeting of Leah and her Christian lover in the wood at night was permeated with mystic charm. It was as if mortal were holding converse with a being gifted with vision power and prophetic agency. The doubts and fears, the trust and faith of the daughter of *Judea* were alike delineated in telling fashion, and the encompassing range of her devotion to Rudolph strikingly illustrated. Poignant pathos dominated the evening scene, where Leah is humiliated and cast off by Rudolph. But it was in the fifth act that the star rose to the highest excellence and awoke cheers and prolonged applause. Her delivery of the terrible curse was, indeed, magnificent. Her voice rose, in accents of awful power. It was a superb declamatory achievement which repaid one for all the dreary portions of Moseenthal's play.

Frederick Paulding acted Rudolph better than the part has been acted within our range of observation. It is an ungrateful one at best, but the player, by his careful, earnest, and sincere efforts, threw it into prominence, and in several of the scenes fairly shared the honors with Miss Mather. His appearance was handsome and picturesque. Mr. Tannhill, considering his sudden assumption of the character of *Nathan*, played it with a good deal of force. H. A. Weaver was belligerent and delightfully natural as *Lorenz*. Edwin Cleary was not at home in the old man part of *Father Herman*, but he will doubtless work into the harness. Harry Etinge was mildly assuming as *Ludwig*, the village barber, and had to repeat his drunken exit in the fifth act. William Ranous was excellent in the small part of *Abraham*. Jeanne Harold, albeit a trifle stiff, was otherwise satisfactory as *Madalena*. Carrie Jamison as *Dame Gertrude* and Laura Johnson as *Rosie* were respectively efficient. The play was mounted with care, all the scenery and dresses being new and appropriate. Time and place of course precluded anything approaching showiness in the matter of accessories. Leah will be played until Feb. 6. On the Monday following, *Jack-in-the-Box* will have its first production in this city.

Madame Modjeska's reappearance at the Star Theatre on Monday evening attracted a large and friendly house. The comparatively long absence of this favorite artist from the local stage was no doubt the reason for the enthusiastic reception given to her on her return. When she first entered as *Camille* the audience was hearty and long sustained, and throughout the evening no favorable opportunity was allowed to pass without demonstrations of approbation. Madame Modjeska is as charming as ever, and her ex-

quisitely finished impersonation of Dumas' heroine was productive of pleasure to those capable of appreciating subtle and delicate acting. Her conception of the character of *Camille* is minus those revolting features with which many representatives of the role have clothed it. Before the *cocotte* meets *Armand* she has wearied of the sham and glitter of her vicious life; she feels its emptiness and has vaguely pictured to herself a pure and happy existence. Modjeska, indeed, ennobles the whole woman and makes her sacrifice of love heroic. While she lacks sympathy in some of the emotional passages, there is, nevertheless, so much skill and finesse conspicuous in her work that admiration suffices to cause one to forget that it is not the heart but the mind to which the actress appeals.

While in England Modjeska engaged E. H. Vanderfeit for her leading man, and he made his bow to New York on this occasion as *Armand*. Mr. Vanderfeit is a young man of medium height; he affects long hair, and a sepulchral, Irving-like utterance; his shoulders are built up like gables and he brings them into constant requisition, evidently for the purpose of pumping up his lines. On the other hand, he is intelligent, earnest and forceful whenever that quality is demanded. He did the passionate speech at the close of the fourth act effectively and was liberally applauded for it. Mr. Vanderfeit has a clean-cut face, and although weak in features, he bids fair to become a young woman's favorite, like Kyrie Bell. He has youth in his favor, and for that he should be thankful, as he has much to learn. Leslie Alton was the best *Monsieur Duval* we have seen. He brought feeling and power to bear on his one scene with *Camille*. Owen Fawcett was an airy, blithesome *Gaston*. James Cooper played *St. Gaudens* nicely. Olympia and Nicquette were both satisfactorily acted by *Daisy Dorr* and *Kittie Wilson* respectively. Kate Denin-Wilson was, of course, capable as *Prudence*. The piece was mounted with the shabby old stuff that forms the stock of this theatre.

On Tuesday night Modjeska appeared in a new version of Schiller's *Mary Stuart*, prepared for her by Lewis Wingfield. The piece is written in poetic and scholarly English, and is more effective for dramatic purposes than the adaptation usually presented on the stage. Mme. Modjeska as the unhappy Queen acted with winsome grace and force, wherever the latter quality was in demand. The scene with *Elizabeth* in the forest she made extremely effective, and her farewell was most affecting. Mr. Vanderfeit as the Earl of Leicester, Mr. Henderson as Sir Edwin Mortimer, May Shaw as *Elizabeth*, and Kate Denin-Wilson as *Hannah*, the faithful attendant of the Queen, all assisted in making the representation interesting. Last night *As You Like It* was played.

Monday evening Mme. Janauschek appeared at the Grand Opera House in *Zillah* (*The Woman in Red*), before a medium-sized but quite enthusiastic audience. As the Jewish mother, transformed to a fortune-teller, in search of her stolen child, Mme. Janauschek moved all hearts. At the end of the third act she had four recalls, and on one or two occasions floral emblems were passed over the footlights. At the last curtain there was an enthusiastic call. *Zillah* is a tragic, sombre play—not the most pleasing in the Madame's repertoire—but it was in keeping with the elements without. Mme. Janauschek's clientele may not be the largest among the emotional actresses that appear in the Metropolis, but it is one of the most loyal, and the applause bestowed upon *Zillah* must have been cheering indeed.

Exacting criticism would not pronounce the support to be of the best, though most of the members of the company are actors who have made reputations. James Carden, known years ago as a good leading man, played a heavy villain in the most conventional Bowery style. Swathed legs, cloaked to his nose, and a swagger indescribable—if not half-Spanish—he presented a ludicrous picture in every scene. As the Count Claudio, Alexander H. Stuart was at all times manly and sometimes vigorous. George D. Chaplin had a poor part, being a sort of mild Devilish power permeating the play—the part heroic, but keeping up a buffoonery to enliven the audience. Mr. Chaplin was not seen at his best. Miss Marston Leigh was somewhat amateurish as *Francesca Donati*, daughter of *Zillah* and foster-child of the Countess Donati. However, Miss Leigh played some of her scenes with much force, especially in the scene where she is claimed by her Jewish mother. She is slender and tall of figure—of the Mary Anderson and Kathryn Kidder mould, with some of the latter's grace of awkwardness. Eugenie De Forrest's *Countess* is deserving of praise; it was a well-rounded performance. As Matti Twitti, a bird-catcher, Perkins D. Fisher had little opportunity to display his qualities as a comedian. As *Ninetta*, his wife—a soubrette role—Beatrice Lyster was excellent.

The repertoire for the week includes *Zillah*, *Bleak House*, *Mother and Son*, *My Life*, *Mary Stuart* and *Macbeth*. Then comes that droll comedian, Sol Smith Russell, who will present his new comedy, *Felix McKusick*, for the first time in the Metropolis.

The rain did not prevent a crowd from assembling at the People's Theatre on Monday evening to enjoy the frolics of the Sparks in *A Bunch of Keys*. The popularity of this attraction is as remarkable as the period it has lasted

The entertainment was received with the usual signs of enjoyment. Marietta Nash as *Teddy Keys* is as charming as the creator of the part, Alice Atherton, which is saying a good deal. W. C. Crosbie is clever as *Snags*. The other parts are entrusted to excellent people, who give the piece merriment and "go." The hotel scene was capitally put on. Next week, *The Wages of Sin*.

Tony Denier's troupe drew a fair-sized audience to the Third Avenue Theatre Monday night and gave a very entertaining performance. After a rattling harlequinade in which appeared our old friend, *Humpty Dumpty*, a number of clever specialists appeared in a varied programme. Next Monday J. J. Dowling's *Nobody's Claim* company begin an engagement at this house.

Tony Pastor offers at his theatre this week a capital bill, with a decided novelty in the person of *Queen Vassar*, a charming little vocalist and dancer, who is pretty and whose specialties are new and attractive. She will become a favorite beyond doubt. Among the other features are *Hawkins* and *Collins*, *Frank White* and the ever popular *William Carroll*.

The Grip maintains its vise-like hold upon the public at Harrigan's Park Theatre, where the audiences are steadily large.

It is now certain that *Saints and Sinners* will reach the tenth representation, and we should not be surprised if it exceeded that limit, for there is no apparent abatement in the desire to see and enjoy it.

Hoodman Blind still draws very well at Wallack's Theatre, chiefly on account of the beautiful scenery, for which there is a universal chorus of admiration.

*Evangeline* is in its fourth month of success at the Fourteenth Street Theatre. The burlesque is as bright and attractive as ever.

Kellar's entertainments at the Comedy Theatre are unvaryingly well attended. The clever prestidigitator and illusionist is now looked upon as a permanent metropolitan fixture.

The sooth performance of *Adonis* occurs this (Thursday) evening at the Bijou Opera House. The programme of the various details of the celebration of this remarkable event will be found elsewhere.

One of Our Girls is having a run of exceptional prosperity at the Lyceum Theatre. Mr. Howard's comedy, *Miss Dauvray's impersonation of Kate Shipley* and the acting of the company are commended on every side.

The engagement of Miss Vokes and her company at the Standard Theatre continues to be prosperous. She will appear there for some time yet.

### The Musical Mirror.

The most important event in American musical history took place on the evening of Monday, Jan. 4, 1886. A national grand opera opened its doors to the public. Not supported by State subvention, as on the continent of Europe such institutes are fostered, but built up and paid for by the liberality of private individuals. It is one of the boasts of our country that things done by the State elsewhere, are here done by society, churches, hospitals, reformatories, museums, and now a grand opera, are established, independent of either local or national government. Hitherto this system has worked well, and we most sincerely hope that its latest outcrop may be equally happy as its precursors.

We by no means accept the first performance of the American Opera company as the gauge of its merit; we rather look on it as an augury. When such a beginning has been made, almost out of nothing, what may we not expect from future riper efforts? At present the band is the only factor in the scheme that has had time to mellow into perfection, and we boldly assert that no such body of musicians has ever supported any operatic work as the band of the American Opera company. Trained for many years under the direction of a disciplinarian who, if he were not a musician would infallibly have been a great General, paid so liberally and constantly that the purchase and possession of most valuable instruments is a thing of custom, the orchestral organization, governed by Theodore Thomas and engaged by the American Opera company, has all the reasons for perfection, and has worthily used them, with what result let the glorious volume of tone that rolls out through the vast space of the Academy, and fills every corner with harmony, tell in its own majesty of music.

The chorus, in so far as it can be judged by the slight use made of it, in the opera at present before the public, is ample, admirably taught, fresh-voiced and apt. In one most important accomplishment we have never heard its like—namely, the clear enunciation of the words. We absolutely could understand what the chorus was singing about! The chorus pronounced the words! Only think of that; and the chorus sang in one tongue. Read, mark and inwardly digest that statement! We could scarce trust our ears when we heard every syllable as distinct as if 'twere one person speaking and every word pure English! We beg

figuratively to shake the chorus by the hand collectively and express our obligation cordially.

The scenery must make the walls of the Academy blinsh for the sins of commission and omission they have borne the weight of hitherto. Nothing more appropriate or rich in design and detail was ever seen on any stage.

The dresses also are thoroughly good and effective; correct, too, as need be desired.

The ballet is generous in numbers, agreeable in form and feature, agile in limb, and, for the time it has been organized, deft in dance. To be sure, the class of pupils are more or less leggy, rather spindly, like a young plantation, but muscle will come with practice, and the lasses did very well. The *premieres* are very good, quite good enough, and the coryphees and second dancers are far better than we usually see.

The most satisfactory among the principal singers is beyond any doubt William H. Hamilton. His voice has all the sonority and power needful to fill a great space, and yet to sound close to the ear. He sings well, acts well, and, above all, enunciates the words plainly and distinctively; in fact, in the present cast, he is the only singer with voice enough for the occasion.

Mr. Lee sings nicely and has a pretty voice, but has not volume nor power of tone for such a part, in such a theatre. In a "cantabile" part we fancy he would be very acceptable. To Mr. Fessenden the same remark applies.

Mr. Stoddard has a good voice, and is heard to some advantage, and Mr. O'Mahony does justice to a part that does injustice to him. John Howson has very little to do, but does his best with that little. Miss L'Allemand has a nice soprano, looks pretty, sings nicely, for the most part, and has a fair power of *sustento*. Miss Bensberg likewise. Both would be good *comprimarie*, but are not entitled as yet to be styled *assolute*.

Thus far we have nothing but praise for our National Opera; but there is no sky without clouds, no good without its evil, and we can scarce imagine how any sane committee of direction could ever have been so bereft of common sense as to select the mass of dreary platitudes and abortive attempts to be original called an opera, and attributed to a person by the name of Goetz, as the opening presentation of American opera. We have neither space nor inclination to descant upon such an ungrateful theme. The music is *bosh*—well-made, admirably instrumented *bosh*; murderous to the singers, maddening to the hearers, by reason of its pretentious imbecility. The book is as stupid as the score, and the translation is worthy of the book. Fancy a librettist who rhymes "laughter" by "daughter." The translator has evidently modelled his style upon that of the great Sunday-school poet, Dr. Watts, who rhymed thus:

Let dogs delight  
To have and bite,  
For God hath made them so;  
Let bears and lions growl and fight,  
For 'tis their nature to.

The Rev. J. Troutbeck, M. A., may be a very good parson, but he is a very bad librettist—even a comic opera should not be all doggerel.

We wait in anxious hope for the real opening of the American Opera. The production of *Gilick's* immortal but seldom heard *Orpheus*, and avow that the mere announcement that such a masterpiece, unknown to the present generation in London and almost unknown in Paris, will be the second production at the National Opera, ought to enlist the heartiest sympathies and the profoundest gratitude of all lovers of music. We trust in future to hear on our national stage the great works of great masters, or the honest endeavor of earnest American composers—not the highly-spiced commonplaces of German cranks.

We regret to observe that Mr. Celli has been obliged by illness to retire from the cast of *Amorita*. His fine presence and sonorous voice raised the part of *Fra Bombarda* to prominence. The opera is otherwise as well given as ever, and the audience is pleased nightly. Great expectations are founded on Strauss' new opera, *The Gypsy Baron*.

The *Mikado* continues its run at the Fifth Avenue Theatre; the houses are full to bursting, and no symptom of a falling off is yet visible. We believe it would go for another year.

Koster and Bial's new burlesque on the opera is also crowding that pleasant retreat, and in its way, is equally well given. There is good entertainment at Koster and Bial's, and the selections are excellent, especially the *Mikado* punch.

The *Trumpeter of Sackingen* at the Thalia is a well made but very reminiscent piece of work, well put on the stage, admirably acted, but badly sung. The best thing in the opera is the corset solo of Mr. Hoch, who does the playing for the *Trumpeter* behind the scenes.

### Professional Doings.

—Hugh Fav will name his new musical comedy *Muldoon & Co*.

—Harry Sanford is still the business manager of Maggie Mitchell.

—Mortimer Murdock has placed his *Hoof of Gold* on the market for '86-'87.

—Nelly Kent, a Columbus (O) lady, has joined Campbell's *Clio* company.

—Pyke's *Mikado* company is reported to be at times on the verge of stranding.

—J. S. Kusek has withdrawn in disgust from the management of the *Lillian Lewis* company.

—The one-thousandth performance of *Check* will take place in Galveston, Texas, this week.

—Monte Cristo companies are multiplying with great rapidity. The latest is *The Count of Montezuma*.

—Beatrice Hamburg has left C. R. Gardner's Southern company, and will shortly appear in burlesque.

—Frank Small has left town in advance of Clara Morris, who reopens her season in Washington on Jan. 18.

—G. W. Smith has bought out his partner in the Harvard Academy, at Corning, N. Y., and is now the proprietor and sole manager.

—Brooklyn has recently been full of minstrel men in fur-bordered overcoats, all sneering at the thermometer average of sixty.

—In Rockford, Ill., on Christmas Day, Pat Rooney's company presented him with a silver water-set—an odd present to Mr. Rooney.

—It is rumored that the play to follow *Saints and Sinners* at the Madison Square Theatre will be a comedy by A. C. Gunter.

—John T. McKeever, one of the box office attendants at the Madison Square Theatre, has been lying seriously ill at his home for the past week.

—George Wood has joined the stock of Hyde and Behman's, Brooklyn, for the rest of the season. In his peculiar specialty work and in the get-up of afterpieces he is clever.

—Manager Berger, of the Lee Avenue Academy of Music, Brooklyn, E. D., during the holidays made his business manager, C. L. Woglim, a present of a diamond ring.

—Bessie Bernard, whose claim to the title of "the only female press agent in America" has not yet been disputed, has been engaged to go with Louis Aldrich in *My Partner*.

—Nellie Boyd has bought certain rights in *Unknown* from John A. Stevens, and is playing through the Southwest. Will C. Sampson plays the *Cockney* part in *My Partner*.

—Thomas K. Serrano and Elsie Barnes have just completed a drama, adapted from the Spanish, entitled *Donna Bianca*, and expect to produce it in this city before the season closes.

—Manager G. A. Mortimer, of Roland Reed's company, dates a reduction of salaries from Jan. 1. As business is reported to have been generally good on the road, this move is not generally understood—especially by the company.

—H. C. De Mille, late of the Madison Square Theatre, is writing a play for Eva Hawkins, of the Young Mrs. Winthrop company, who has the starring fever. Miss Hawkins' home is in St. Paul, where she was formerly a choir singer.

—Lillian Hadley, W. J. Scanlan's leading lady, has received her stolen watch, en route, from the Cincinnati Chief of Police. Miss Hadley did not care to personally prosecute the thief, and he therefore received but a light sentence—thirty days in the Workhouse.

—By special dispensation of the Grand Lodge, Manager S. P. Norman, of the Murray and Murphy company, joined the New Haven Elks, taking two degrees. The Murray and

## The Giddy Gusher.

The career of the Industrious Enthusiast is not always one of success; but the enthusiast without industry never succeeds. It's quite the fashion to ridicule people with a mission; but to me the person with an aim, though it be a very unsteady and unlikely-to-hit aim, is much more interesting and worthy of admiration than the ordinary matter-of-fact party who pursues his profession or calling as his father and grandfather did before him—believing eating, drinking, wearing apparel and a bank-account to be the sum total of life between the cradle and the grave. To the class I call industrious enthusiasts belongs my friend Maurice Barrymore. At a time when handsome, sentimental-looking leading men were at a premium, when Barrymore could have settled down as the *jeune premier* of any first-class theatre, and when any other young actor would have considered his cup of happiness full, and his only care that he shouldn't upset it, my bold Maurice yearned for something better than a good regular salary and a monotonous condition of uneventful prosperity. He wanted the trials of authorship and the perplexities of management, and, as far as I can see, he's got 'em,

Four brighter, cleverer men you couldn't scare up in all the Southwest, where smart men abound. And the talk ran on New York and its papers. McCullagh had some idea at that time of coming to this city and doing something or other on that old stern-wheeler, the *Herald*. Hyde, who has as many safety provisions as a modern flat-house, and never errs through recklessness, pleaded with the young Irish patriot to stick to St. Louis as a town unlikely to be submerged, or sacked, or shook up, as he understood the *Herald* building was once a month.

Hutchins didn't advise; he always took a Satanic delight in seeing his friends wade in. He stood smiling on the shore till the undertow took 'em, when he'd throw out a life-line, bring 'em in, and give 'em a banquet.

\* \* \*

After any amount of talk on the subject, Pulitzer, leaning on the mantel, suddenly loomed up.

"McCullagh is right," said he. "A man can vegetate here for years; the finest ability cannot give more than local prominence to a paper; but publish that paper in New York,

The cable conveys us the saddest sort of information concerning the treatment of his play, *Najeza*, at the hands of the noble Briton. Barrymore is a Britisher himself, which should have been odds in his favor. His leading lady, Emily Rigl, is a German by birth. Hasn't Victoria and her kids circulated enough among the Dutch to give an artist of that nationality a pull among the loyal subjects of the present dynasty? At all events, Barrymore's play and its female exponent have been cruelly sat upon by the fair-minded Londoners. A gallery of shouting, whistling lunatics defied the decent people in the house, and Emily burst into tears and hysterics. Where is the London Captain Williams? They say it is a job put up by parties desiring to get possession of the theatre.

Good Lord! Imagine any one undertaking such a mode of procedure here! When John Stetson wanted to get the Standard what would have happened if he had employed a gang of hoodlums to scoff at Duff's Mikado? Alexander and his horde would have descended on 'em as the locusts do on Kansas, and the places that know them would know them no more. This is a blamed free country, but it ain't too free, and I never saw actual barbarity shown to the worst fakir; whereas, in London I have seen an unhappy actor, or a play that failed to please, treated with full-grown cannibalism.

Robert Heller gave a private performance before the Emperor of Soerbaya (I think that's the name) and his forty-six wives and ninety-six cucumbervines. The ladies wore lockets and feather-fans. The Emperor was clothed in his own integrity and a sword-belt. After the bowl and gold-fish trick, they set up a howl of "Beer-a-wunka-bad!" Which meant, "He is the Devil!" And they roared and yelled so he closed the show, and his hair—all he had of it—stuck up so he didn't wear a hat in a week.

In London, when the natives conclude an entertainment is not going to pan out just right, they raise the cry of "Beer-a-wunka-bad" and down it. When gentlemen—that is, men with crush-hats and white gloves, escorting decollete women—begin to come in, they pass remarks across the auditorium. They speak to the boxes, who reply to the stalls. They make strange noises; they applaud at the wrong spots. They asked the tall and stately Emily Duncan on this occasion to "cut it;" they invited the actors by name to come off and get a bottle of fizz at the corner. They created as great a disturbance as ever the Count Joannes performance of Richard did. They cat-called till a poor, despairing, white-faced little author crept on, like a pink-eyed rabbit, at the wings, and then when the pitiful face of the little man should have disarmed further unkindness, they raised such an ironical howl as it was hard to believe came from civilized throats.

Poor, dear Barrymore and the willowy Rigi have both had a taste of this treatment, and I am heartily sorry for them. The author-actor is an industrious, ambitious fellow, and the actress has more than the usual amount of brains or she would have danced on her way and never essayed better things, as she did when she left the ballet and became the pretty *incense* of an up-town stock company.

Another Industrious Enthusiast, here in New York, is Joseph Pulitzer, of the *World*. It's just about a dozen years ago, in St. Louis, that Pulitzer took part in a conversation concerning New York newspapers. There was Stilson Hutchins, of the *Dispatch*, as cool and imperturbable as an ice-pitcher; you could go skating all 'round him. There was Joe McCullagh, of the *Globe*, as mercurial as the thermometer. There was William Hyde, of the *Republican*, as pleasant and as placid and as full of bright things as the decanter on the table. And prancing about, now sunning himself before the soft-coal fire, now perching on the arm of a sofa, lighting a cigar at a burner ten feet from the floor, his tall, slight figure never in one place ten minutes at a time, was Joseph Pulitzer. At that epoch his fortunes, like his person, had no permanent attachment to any particular place or pursuit.

by all that's wonderful, it's having a walk over!

Oh! the Industrious Enthusiast business pays. I think I'll go into it myself and show you what can be done by the

## **GIDDY GUSHER.**

## Alphonse Daudet's Sapho.

PARIS, Dec. 23. 1885.

M. Alphonse Daudet's *Sapho*, arranged from his novel by himself and M. Adolphe Belot, is the important theatrical event of the moment, and for many reasons it is worth the while to speak of it at some length. Certainly we shall have no other piece this season that will attract so much attention. I do not believe I am mistaken in predicting that *Sapho* will be played longer than *Georgette*. No piece inspired by Daudet's books has been so favorably received as *Sapho*, and no piece has been so frankly realistic. Now, some of the old frequenters of the *Gymnase* would be surprised if they could return to earth and see what an audaciously naturalistic piece has been produced upon the stage hitherto reserved for the comedy of manners! It is always a difficult

the degradation of a union cemented only by habit and the attraction of the senses are admirably portrayed by simplicity of means and a subtle cleverness of execution.

In constructing the piece, the authors have made Sapho several years younger than she is in the novel. When the drama opens Jean Gauzin has been comfortably installed in a bachelor's apartment by his Uncle Cesar and Aunt Divonne, and this worthy provincial couple leave him poring over his studies that are to make him a consul. No sooner have his kinsmen quitted him than Sapho makes her appearance. She has met Gauzin at a ball given by Dechelette, and after a short acquaintance he had lost sight of her. She has tracked him to his new abode, and by her insinuating manners she brings him back to his early passion. This is the beginning of their liaison. Who is Sapho, and why this name, which evokes such charming souvenirs of Greece? In the second act we are told the history of this frail but seductive person. She has by her intelligence and adroitness completely captivated Jean; she has sold all her furniture and installed herself *chez lui*. One

in a desperate manner. "Be gone, turn," says Coindet; and he turns, in spite of all the revelations. Grieux, Gauvin is fascinated and this modern Manon. This second, long and gay. Several of the scenes are only indicated in the book, but types, such as all who know Paris life have often met in the streets, finely observed and admirably

In the third act Jean, who has been in their hired carriage, returns home and learns that Fanny visited him. In the fourth act, Jean, who has been away, he also discovers that the little girl, whom he has adopted, is Fanny. In the fifth act, Jean denounces the old love-litter, which he has found in a casket. Fanny consents to break off her engagement with Jean, but gives him a ring. In the sixth act, Jean's lover, Quarrel, succeeds in earning Fanny's love. In the seventh act comes the rupture, which takes place in a scene that is extremely effective. In the eighth act, Jean, who has been away, returns to Paris, and in the ninth act, he and his uncle 'Cesar', at 'Cesar's' hotel, are seeking happiness in the company of the prostitutes. In this act we see the Hettman couple, to Fanny's great distress. In the tenth act, Jean, who has been away, returns to Paris, and in the eleventh act, he and his uncle 'Cesar', at 'Cesar's' hotel, are seeking happiness in the company of the prostitutes. In this act we see the Hettman couple, to Fanny's great distress.



and it becomes a power in no time. I've been thinking it over since I stood here. I'll have a paper of my own in New York."

He spoke of it very much as if it were a Fall overcoat. There were reasons why this speech

was greeted with cheers, and it got 'em.

Dear Joe McCullagh is sticking to an editorial chair in St. Louis to-day. My sweet William is the boss of the St. Louis Post Office, and can get even with his enemies by sending their love-letters to the Dead-Letter Office in Washington. My beloved Hutch has divided his time between political warfare and iron-mining, waxing wealthy and wise. But Joseph—the fiery, untamed foreigner, Pulitzer—has got a paper of his own. He wanted the earth and he has got the *World*, and what he has done with it in a few years seems like the fable of Jack and his lively bean. A little over two years ago Oakey Hall was tenderly nursing it, rocking its cradle all night, doing all the writing, conducting all the business, and was bringing it up on condensed milk and oatmeal. In jumps my friend Pulitzer; breaks the nursing-bottle; gives it raw beef and a sand-bag for a few weeks, and chucks it into the ring as an undownable champion. And,

and delicate task to dramatize a novel. The number of really good pieces that have thus been made is very limited. The reason for this is not difficult to find. The stage lives by movement and life, and a dramatic author has not the time for the development of scenes, details and characters that are necessary in the novel. Whenever you read an interesting book and afterward see a piece that has been dramatized from it, you will be sure to find the novel superior to the play. Sapho is no exception to the rule, and if the authors have made a capital acting piece, it is because they have not attempted to follow the novel closely, but have simply taken from it those scenes that were capable of illustrating its general idea. To transport from the book to the stage the difficult subject of illegitimate unions was not an easy thing, even in these realistic days, and to present so thorny a subject on the stage of the Gymnase was an audacious enterprise that ran great risk of failure. Thanks to the skill of Messrs. Daudet and Belot, the task has been successfully accomplished, and the result of their united labor is an interesting, moving and emotional drama, full of reality and humanity. The misery, the servitude, the despair,

day they go to Ville d'Avray to look for a Summer cottage, and they breakfast at a restaurant overlooking the pond immortalized by Corot. It is at this restaurant that we see several of Sapho's old admirers and hear the story of her life. While awaiting his mistress, who has gone to look at the cottage, in come Dechelette with Alice Doré, Caondal, the sculptor, Potter, the musician, with Ross Rosaris and La Bordére, the poet. Caondal asks Jean what has become of Sapho since the ball, and Jean, not knowing that Fanny Legrand and Sapho are one, fails to comprehend the question. Then Caondal tells him that Fanny is celebrated as Sapho, because she posed as the model for his statue of the famous Lesbian that is to be seen in all the windows. Wishing to know more, Caondal tells Gauzin of the deplorable antecedents of his mistress; how she has passed from one hand to another, and how her last lover, Flamant, the engraver, is now in prison for counterfeiting bank-notes so as to supply her needs. Jean is momentarily horrified by these revelations, and he quits the table; when Fanny returns she surmises that her past has been described to her new conquest. Furious at her old acquaintances, she storms and raves

"out tomorrow" always prevented his attaching himself to any particular one. Laura, after the death of her husband, was thrown helpless upon the pavement and gathered in by an artist, who made her his model. At the same time she met Thiergelet and immediately fell in love with him. Their liaison was an interrupted one, owing to Thiergelet's theory. In the Winter of 1875, Laura took an apartment in the Rue La Bruyère, and while she had hitherto pretended to ignore Thiergelet's infidelity, she than began to watch him. One evening she saw him leave the Rat Mort with a rival. She followed them to his house in the Rue de Donal, and as soon as they entered the room she rang the bell. There was a scene. Laura ran home and swallowed poison. Thiergelet ran to her apartment as soon as he heard the news. For eleven days and nights Laura suffered torture; then death came to her relief. Thiergelet, finding that he had been so betrayed by his model, was taken with remorse, and less than a month afterward put an end to his existence by swallowing chloroform, chloroform.



# THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

times and evening performances. Madison Square co. in Young Mrs. Winthrop ad. Satin souvenirs given the ladies. Ida Suddon's Mastours 7th; Minnie Madden 8th.

Item: Clark Cox has swung a new drop-curtain for Manager Dolan, which for artistic beauty would be hard to surpass.

## EVANSVILLE.

Opera House (T. J. Greves, manager): Dec. 28, Rhea, in *A Dangerous Game*, delighted a magnificent house (the most fashionable audience of the season). Rhea as Helena captivated the audience and held them spellbound. Provost, criticizing the great artiste would be out of place; suffice it to say that she was unique. George F. Lescroar also pleased the great artiste. The Baron, Lester and Williams in *A Parlor Match* both to a good house. Jenale Yeaman, as Innocent Kidd, deserves special mention. J. B. Polk in *Mixed Pickles*, 3th, to a fair house. Montezuma, 1st and 2th, to fair houses. Play something on the order of Monte Cristo. R. E. French as Count of Montezuma, portrays the character in fine style. His acting reminds one a great deal of James O'Neill. Bartley Campbell's Cho, 7th.

## VINCENNES.

Opera House (Frank Green, manager): Lester and Williams in *A Parlor Match* drew a packed house, 1st. Jenale Yeaman, as innocent Kidd, fairly captivated the audience. J. B. Polk, in *Mixed Pickles*, was to good business.

Item: Eddie Cummins, late of the Ray Baby co., joined Lester and Williams' Parlor Match co. at Springfield, Ill., Dec. 25.

## IOWA.

CEDAR RAPIDS. Opera House (Noxon, Albert and Toomey, managers): Christmas week, Professor Bartholomew's Equine Paradox to fair business. Maxwell's Uncle Tom's Cabin, Dec. 29 and 30, to small houses. Bad weather. Nellie Hess Robinson, late of the Corinne Merriemakers, appeared to advantage. Topsy, Her first effort in Black Dog.

Report: Very many comb. miners report business bad in the West, and say they are obliged to cancel the small towns and return East or strand.

## DES MOINES.

Grand Opera House (W. W. Moore, manager): Thomas W. Keene played a very successful three-nights' engagement, Dec. 24, 25 and 26. Mr. Keene is a favorite here. Anna Nevada, 7th; Pat Rooney, 8th and 9th; Romany Rye, 10th and 11th; Salvina, 15th; Evans and Hoy Parlor Match, 16th and 17th.

Foster's Opera House (William Foster, manager): A Soldier for three nights, a good house.

Report: Very many comb. miners report business bad in the West, and say they are obliged to cancel the small towns and return East or strand.

## BURLINGTON.

Grand Opera House (R. M. Washburn, manager): Lillian Olcott, in *Dark Days*, Dec. 29, to small audience. The play was fairly well presented, but is too sombre to ever become popular. Large houses greeted the *Fan* on the Bristol co., New Year's day, at both performances.

People's Theatre: Bodine and Prindle's Pleasure Party, Dec. 25, 26 and 27, to fair business. This co. comprises several clever sketch artists and give a clever and pleasing entertainment.

## KANSAS.

### TOPEKA.

Grand Opera House: Dec. 25, Lillian Brown, assisted by amateurs from the Lotus Quartette and the Topeka Musical Society gave the finest amateur representation of *The Mikado* that they have yet had. More than that; the cast, the libretto and music were most effective and better shaded, while several of the principals were more proficient in their parts. Laura Clement replaced Louise Montague as *Yum-Yum*, and although she sang the role sweetly, she was hardly as fascinating or attractive as her predecessor. F. B. Blair as Ko-Ko had a great success when he thoroughly familiarizes himself with the character, which he has no time to do as Miss Leaf does. Pat Rooney, 8th and 9th; Romany Rye, 10th and 11th; Salvina, 15th; Evans and Hoy Parlor Match, 16th and 17th.

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## MASSACHUSETTS.

### FALL RIVER.

Academy of Music (Thomas R. Burrell, manager): A concert, Dec. 28, for the benefit of Louis Riel, failed, who at one time resided here, drew a fair audience.

A so-called Park Theatre co., with Helene Adell as the star, supported by Sara Lazzella and O. W. Eagle, appeared 20th, in *Moths*, a good but not brilliant performance.

The New Year's greeting to Den Thompson, 1st and 2d, was substantial, and the audiences that have welcomed Josie Joli in his annual tour must assure him that his New Year's greeting is still attractive. With advanced prices the audiences are great, and as the cast was almost identical with previous years, the old favorites were substantially greeted, and the adventures of Uncle Josh were as side-splitting as of old.

### MAINE.

Theatre (C. H. Newell, treasurer): The fourth performance of *The Mikado* by John Stetson's co. Dec. 30, was witnessed by an audience that packed the house.

The choruses, from frequent rehearsals, were more effective and better shaded, while several of the principals were more proficient in their parts. Laura Clement replaced Louise Montague as *Yum-Yum*, and although she sang the role sweetly, she was hardly as fascinating or attractive as her predecessor. F. B. Blair as Ko-Ko had a great success when he thoroughly familiarizes himself with the character, which he has no time to do as Miss Leaf does. Pat Rooney, 8th and 9th; Romany Rye, 10th and 11th; Salvina, 15th; Evans and Hoy Parlor Match, 16th and 17th.

Foster's Opera House (William Foster, manager): A Soldier for three nights, a good house.

Report: Very many comb. miners report business bad in the West, and say they are obliged to cancel the small towns and return East or strand.

### NEW BEDFORD.

Opera House (J. C. Oney, manager): Our Irish Visitors played to a large house Dec. 29. Peck's Bad Boy, 3th, to fair house.

### NEW YORK.

Opera House (J. C. Oney, manager): Our Irish Visitors played to a large house Dec. 29. Peck's Bad Boy, 3th, to fair house.

### LAWRENCE.

Opera House (Merrill and Grant, managers): Dec. 29, Laura Dainty in *Mountain Pink*. Very good house.

Items: T. A. Sweeney retires from the management of the Opera House. Mr. Merrill will associate with him A. L. Grant.

### MARLBOROUGH.

Music Hall (A. V. Partridge, proprietor): Laura Dainty Dec. 31 to empty benches. Mikado No. 2 has one redeeming feature, and that is Augusta Roche.

They did a very good business.

### WATERFORD.

Huntington Hall (George O. E. French, manager): A. Astor's engagement is proving very pleasant.

Correction: Charles Thorpe of the Atkins co. wished to correct a statement which recently appeared in *THE MIRROR* announcing his death. He says that he is quite well, and sends New Year's greetings to all his friends.

### LILFORD.

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# THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

## The Usher.



Mond him who can! The ladies call him, sweet.  
—LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

Mr. Hill was in a quandary on Tuesday when word came to him that Milne Levick was ill and could not play Nathan, in *Leah*, that night. Louis Aldrich had often said in a jocular way to Hill that he wanted to play Nathan for him some day. In this emergency the manager took him at his word and Aldrich consented, but with inward trepidation, for he had not looked at the lines since he played the part with Kate Bateman in Boston nineteen years ago. But he was relieved from his anxiety shortly, when it was discovered that no dress could be found ready made that would girth the actor. And so in this juncture Frank Tannehill jumped into the breach, recovered Nathan in three hours although he had been a stranger to it for nine years, and was well-nigh perfect for the performance. These sort of feathers are only worn nowadays by our veterans. The young one-part-a-year chaps must have a week to study every length and as much more time to rehearse an act.

A correspondent—evidently referring to Kyrie Bellier—asks the following conundrum: "Why doesn't somebody take a certain leading actor in a certain leading theatre in hand and teach him what is called deportment? I saw him come twice before the curtain the other evening, in response to a call, with his right hand in his pocket. Poor fellow! His hands are always in his way."

Among the exceptions to the list of sensational, scandal-mongering newspapers, which are described and characterized in an article on "Newspaper Lying" printed elsewhere, I wish to mention the *Star* of this city. Under the able editorship of Gov. Dorschheimer it has in a brief space of time earned an admirable reputation for cleanliness, ability and literary quality of a superior order. Nothing is admitted to its editorial or news columns that is unfit to be read aloud at the breakfast table, and that is more than can be said of most of its contemporaries. The *Star* deserves the hearty support of all people who are in sympathy with the cause of decent journalism and who can appreciate a lively, enterprising and withal irreproachable newspaper. The work of establishing a clean and profitable journal in a city whose press generally teems with frivolity, filth and personality, offers many obstacles, but Gov. Dorschheimer seems to be brilliantly overcoming them.

The news of Tom Keene's sudden misfortune in Kansas City on Sunday night, has caused universal regret wherever it has reached the members of the profession. Keene is an exceptionally popular man. He is liked similarly by the great and the humble people of the stage. He has hewn out his position by hard labor and unwavering singleness of purpose, working up from the humblest rank to that of a successful tragic star. It is evident that the paralytic stroke which attacked him so suddenly has occasioned the gravest fears. A telegram from Kansas City received by a gentleman in this city states that the company have disbanded and are *en route* here, where they will arrive to-day.

Harry Miner is a small charitable institution all by himself. The other day he went to Brooklyn on reading of the case of the poor woman, Mrs. Henninger, whose husband was suddenly stricken by death on Christmas, and took the widow and her six children to a large store, where he gave the salesmen *carte blanche* to tog them out in warm and serviceable clothing, and then provided the youngsters with pocket-money and trinkets. These are the sort of managerial deeds that it is a pleasure to chronicle occasionally.

The newspaper liar has been abroad again among the profession, and this time Fanny Davenport and J. M. Hill are the victims of two separate falsehoods. The Philadelphia *Times*, a usually correct journal, in a recent issue stated that Miss Davenport was not the daughter of the late E. L. Davenport, but of Mr. Gill, her mother's first husband. This statement is an outrageous fabrication. Miss Davenport was the first daughter of the celebrated actor whose name she bears with honor and distinction, and the imaginative idiot who

wrote the *Times* article should know it, if he knows anything.

The other newspaper liar, who devoted his attention to Mr. Hill, did not try to rob him of his name, but of his fortune. He sent a dispatch to the Chicago dailies the other day stating that Hill was on the verge of bankruptcy and would shortly close up his theatres and other enterprises. An editor there telephoned to his representative here to interview the manager and get at the truth. The reporter called on Hill, who laughed quietly on learning the nature of his errand and turned over for inspection his two bank-books and cheque-books. The press man figured over them for a time and finally arrived at the fact that Mr. Hill had just \$47,000 on deposit in actual currency—a mere flea-bite beside his vast investments, theatrical and commercial.

"I told the young man," said Mr. Hill to me yesterday, "that I didn't care to have him telegraph the result of his investigations to Chicago. Malicious statements concerning my business affairs don't bother or hurt me, for I do business on a strictly cash basis; I want no credit and ask for none. So if my credit were ruined completely it wouldn't annoy me a particle: I should go on paying for everything I got exactly as I have always done. It is the rule at all my theatres to pay each week for every current expense."

Overheard in Williamsport, Pa., the other day:

Two natives discussing Fanny Davenport's Fedora.

First Native: "How did you like the show?" Second ditto: "First-rate! But what a big mistake was made at the end. Spoiled the whole business."

F. N.: "What was it?"

S. N.: Why, that big feller what put Fedora onto the sofa. He didn't fix her right, and she fell off and jest killed the whole thing!"

This illustrates one of the pleasures of playing to country audiences.

Frank Celli left for England yesterday by the *Arizona*. He resigned his part at the Casino on Saturday and the doctor ordered a dose of salt air immediately to blow the malaria out of his system. Celli will come back in the Autumn to produce a new opera and establish an agency here for an English company which manufactures an excellent street-paving composition now in use in the London dockyards and other places. He has made many friends during his stay, and this unlooked-for departure of his will be regretted by them and by the Casino audiences, with whom he had become a decided favorite.

I trust that the attendance at the benefit of Henry A. Thomas, the artist, which is to take place at the Academy on the afternoon of Monday, Jan. 25, will be as good as the bill that has been arranged. Many gentlemen prominent in managerial and journalistic circles have the affair in charge, and they have found the profession most generous in co-operating with them. The entertainment will present a rare array of artists in a varied programme. One of the pleasantest features of this affair is the promptness and unanimity with which Mr. Thomas' former business rivals have tendered their aid.

## The Rights to Camille.

Daniel Frohman sends the following notes concerning the claims of W. Irving Bishop to royalties for Camille: "The play of Camille popularly known in this country under that title, was originally brought to this country about 1854 by Marguerite Jean Davenport, now Mrs. General F. W. Lander, at present in Washington. She translated and adapted the original French play for her own use in this country. She gave it the name of Camille. This title, however, had nothing to do with Dumas' play. She borrowed that name from another French play entitled *Les Héritiers*, Camille being the heroine. This title was duly copyrighted by Mrs. General Lander in the District Court of Philadelphia in 1854. Two years afterward Mathilda Heron, who was unable to obtain permission from Mrs. Lander to use her play, produced a garbled version of the drama and copyrighted it in Cincinnati. These facts are brought to light in view of the recent attempt by W. Irving Bishop, the mind-reader, of London, to compel Mme. Modjeska to pay royalties for her performances of Dumas' famous drama. In fact Mr. Bishop had previously been successful in actually obtaining money from several ladies in London for the performances of the play over which he said the late Mathilda Heron had granted and assigned to him the full rights. Upon notification from Mr. Bishop Mr. Frohman placed the matter in his lawyers' hands, and since then Mr. Bishop's legal representatives have had nothing further to say about the matter. Mrs. General Lander has never troubled any artist for performing the play, but has always accorded full liberty for its use."

## Violet Cameron's Coming.

Henry French has received the prospectus of the Violet Cameron London Opera company, which intends coming over to this country next season, playing here from Oct. 1, 1886, to July, 1887, and if the season warrant it, devoting the following year to a return tour and a trip to Australia. The company will be headed by Violet Cameron—who has never yet appeared here—supported by a number of picked London favorites. The repertoire of the company will include two new operas, given for the first time in America, besides a

number of old popular works. The stage will be under the direction of H. B. Farine.

"In my opinion," said Mr. French to a *MIRROR* reporter yesterday, "the opera company will be a great success. There is a solid English syndicate back of the scheme. Miss Cameron is a great star in opera on the other side. She is a very pretty woman, with a splendid voice."

## The Cherubs.

William H. Crane passed through the city on Monday *en route* to Baltimore, where the company opened in the Comedy of Errors that evening. During his brief stay at the St. James Hotel, the omnipresent *MIRROR* reporter accosted him, and after some effort obtained a brief interview.

"The success of *The Comedy of Errors* has been overwhelming," said Mr. Crane. "The only thing that throws the slight shadow over it, is the grumbling which emanates from Mr. Robson, my esteemed contemporary, when he has to put his padding on of a warm evening. Last year was a bad year, and we made \$37,000. This year, for the fifteen weeks, our gross receipts—in excess, mind you, of those for the corresponding time last year—are \$40,000. In Chicago for two weeks we played to \$18,000, and in the corresponding length of time in Philadelphia, to \$19,000. In Indianapolis and Cleveland, which are generally considered pretty bad towns, we played to the fullest capacity of the houses. In five days in Louisville we played to \$5,700. In Boston we put on new costumes and added a number of new people. Our great outlay in mounting *The Comedy of Errors* in good style is more than paid back to us, and we shall continue to play in the piece all next season. It will, we think, make a revolution in the mounting of Shakespearean comedy."

## Mr. Russell's New Comedy.

George E. Gouge, business manager of Sol Smith Russell, arrived in town this week. Of course Mr. Gouge sounds the trumpet for Mr. Russell's new comedy, *Felix McKusick*, which he pronounces to be a much better vehicle than Edgewood Folks for the display of the comedian's versatility. He predicts a week of hilarious fun at the Grand Opera House.

"The first act of *McKusick* will highly amuse newspaper men," said Mr. Gouge. "It depicts the trials of the editor of *The Recluse*. The editor selects that name because he doesn't know how soon the paper will go up. It does go up, and the editor turns his attention to running a dime museum and to other ventures. The fun never flags from the rise of the curtain. Considering the state of the times, Mr. Russell's season thus far has been phenomenal. The play has been well received everywhere, unfavorable press notices being especially scarce."

## Some Points About Dixey.

The young man who rounds up his five-hundredth performance of *Adonis* at the Bijou Opera House to-night (Thursday) passed his twenty-sixth birthday the day before. Henry Dixey is a native of Boston, and has almost been brought up in a theatre. While a mere lad he played *Peasants in Under the Gaslight*. His rare gift of mimicry was early discovered, and he became the peculiar protege of the company at the Howard Atheneum for several years.

Fame began to dawn upon the youthful Dixey in 1875, when he assumed the half of the heiress in *Evangeline* at the Globe Theatre. He has been nearly ten years under Mr. Rice's management. During these years he has created a round dozen roles in melodrama, comedy, comic opera, farce and burlesque, and has appeared in at least fifty characters in all classes of stage productions. He is probably the most versatile comedian on the American stage, as he certainly is the youngest to attain such a prominent position. It is Mr. Dixey's ambition to be seen in legitimate comedy—he has no particular love for the other departments of the stage. As to his probable success in this line opinion is divided.

Between Mr. Dixey and his manager, Mr. Rice, there is a strong bond of friendship. They may have had slight business disagreements at times, but they are firm in their loyalty to each other.

## Mr. Sanger's Latest Purchase.

Messrs. Sanger and French have just bought the American rights to Sims and Pettit's latest drama, *Harbor Lights*, which was produced for the first time at the Adelphi Theatre, London, on the 23d ult. Mr. Sanger will manage the piece and probably undertake its production in this city if he can get the right sort of theatre and time for an extended run. The play was enthusiastically received at the Adelphi, and according to critics whose opinions are entitled to respect, it deserved to make a hit. The following description will give an idea of the plot:

The play opens on the jetty of the little village of Redcliffe-on-the-Sea, where the whole fishing population are grouped round their friends and sweethearts from among the crew of *H. M. S. Britannic*, which has just put in at the neighboring port of Plymouth.

Hearty are the greetings when the tars at length arrive, but none so affectionate as those between their young officer, Lieutenant Kingsley, and his sweetheart, Dora Vane. Kingsley and Dora had been lovers from childhood, and the Lieutenant is now resolved to get leave of absence, and with it the consent of Dora's guardian, Captain Nelson, to their immediate marriage.

The lovers' interview is intruded upon by Frank Morland, the young master of the neighboring hall. Frank is a debauchee and a ruined gamester, who has learned (what Kingsley has not) that the orphan Dora has recently inherited a large sum of money, and, eager to employ this in the repair of his own battered fortunes, he asks *debut en blanc* for Dora's hand. When Kingsley tells him he is too late, he sets his wits to work to avert the impending marriage, and he hits upon the scheme of enticing Dora to the Hall, of keeping her a prisoner there through the night, and so blasting her reputation. When the curtain rises on the second act a month has elapsed. It is the eve of Kingsley's wedding, and it is also the moment chosen by Frank Morland for putting his scheme into effect.

His plans for the moment succeed. He has given the finishing touch to his baseness by the deception and betrayal of Lina Nelson, the daughter of Dora's guardian, and this same night she has ventured to the Hall to seek her betrayer and implore him to marry her. Dora, learning this and finding that Lina has taken her father's revolver with her, determined to follow, and it is thus that Frank, having turned a deaf ear to the piteous entreaties of his victim, suddenly finds his plans crowned by the unlooked-for appearance of Dora. He seizes her, reveals his purpose, and is in the act of struggling with the shrinking girl, when Kingsley bursts through the window and falls him to the ground. Punishment is not so long delayed, for an old lover of the girl he has betrayed, one Mark Helstone, has followed Lina to the Hall, and, maddened with jealousy and finding her with her betrayer, takes up the pistol she has brought and shoots Frank Morland dead. It is now the turn of villain number-two. This is the Squire's cousin and successor, Nicholas, a former shipmate of Kingsley's. He has been dismissed the service for a disgraceful offence, mainly on the Lieutenant's evidence. Accident has revealed to him the actual murderer, Helstone, whom he straightforwardly bribes to leave the country. The only witness, Lina, has disappeared, no one knows whither. Frank, it can be proved, was at the hall on the night of the murder, and the crime shall be fastened on him. Everyone in the audience knows, or thinks he knows, what to expect. This, remember, is Kingsley's wedding morning, and Nicholas will, of course, have him arrested at the very church door.

After the marriage, upon the deck of the *Britannic* Nicholas brands Kingsley with the crime. As no warrant is yet out for his arrest, he sees himself compelled to sail without a chance of defending himself from this terrible Nicholas' slanderous tongue. The ship is about to be cleared of strangers before the moment of departure when an Admiralty dispatch arrives, appointing Kingsley to the command of a gunboat on the home-station with leave of absence for two months. From this point the interest, instead of falling off, develops into situations of the keenest excitement. Kingsley, tracked by Nicholas Morland and his detective, who have now obtained a warrant, is himself on the track of the missing witness, Lina, whom he at last finds a prisoner in the murderer Helstone's cottage, while he is engaged in a deadly struggle with Helstone. The latter's mother drags away the girl and throws her, or allows her to fall over the cliff. Kingsley, pursued on the one side by the detective, on the other by his wife and friends, throws himself over the top of the cliff after Lina, who is lying senseless below, and then, by an instantaneous change, the scene changes inside-out or upside down, so magically is the thing done, and Kingsley is now descending the perpendicular side of the cliff, hand over hand, while huge billows dash over the senseless form of Lina at the foot. Just as the rising waves, lashed into fury by a storm, are washing them from their hold of the rock, they are saved by a boat's crew despatched to their rescue, and down comes the curtain on the fourth act. The fifth act of *The Harbor Lights* is an interesting one, any that have gone before. The storm is still at its height; a crowd is gathered at the mouth of the harbor with the revolving light flashing overhead; the spray dashes over the breakwater, wetting the anxious watchers. They are waiting for the return of the life boat, which has put out in search of the missing party. After an interval of suspense, rescuers and rescued safely arrive, Kingsley bearing in his arms the witness of his innocence.

## Professional Doings.

Grace Hawthorne is about to appear in *Oliver Twist* in San Francisco.

Frank A. Cole has been engaged to go in advance of James Owen O'Connor.

Miss Jasith had a reception Saturday last at the Windsor Hotel, in Montreal.

The Murray and Murphy company were the guests of the Merlins (C. A. Ellis on New Year's.

William Craman, Oliver Byron's brother-in-law, is now in advance of *The Inside Track*.

A horny-handed son of toil of Pittsburg has proposed to and been accepted by the Big-Footed Girl.

Lizzie Jeremy, who has been suffering for some weeks with a sprained ankle, has gone to her home in Pittsburg.

Henry French has been ill since last Thursday. It is thought, however, that he will be out again in a few days.

Walter Bentley has been engaged for leading business in a *Called Back* company that will shortly take the road.

Jul. S. Kivel asks us to state that he severed his connection with the Lillian Lewis Creole company on Wednesday.

Wife and Child, by Fred. Maeder and Mrs. Kee Rankin, is announced as having had a successful run in San Francisco.

Lennie Miles, son of R. E. J., in connection with his cousin, Harry Lewis, will probably look after the affairs of the Bijou in Boston.

Pauline Hall will have the leading part—that of a young Gypsy girl—in the coming production of *The Gypsy Baron* at the Casino.

Lyda Haines and Little Ethel have been engaged by Dore Davidson to appear in *Lost at Harry Miner's Brooklyn Theatre* next week.

Lawrence Barrett has begun preparations for the production, on an elaborate scale—at the Star Theatre on Feb. 1—of *Victor Hugo's Hernani*.

On Jan. 23, *The Rat-Catcher* will end the original eight weeks' run set for it at Niblo's. On Jan. 25 the spectacle will be transferred to the Boston Theatre.

May Haines, a clever little actress, has been engaged by Thomas N. Doutney, the temperance exhorter, to give recitations at his lectures throughout the country.

A new play, entitled *Caught in a Corner*, written by Mr. Shaw, dramatic critic of the Cincinnati *Evening Post*, will be produced at the Odeon in that city on Jan. 23.

The two Haverly minstrel troupes recently united in a performance in Chicago. The receipts were the largest ever known for a performance of this kind in Chicago.

Harry C. Egerton, manager of Lester and Allen's Minstrels, was presented by the members of the troupe on New Year's eve, at the Third Avenue Theatre, with a handsome gold watch, suitably inscribed. The stage manager, Mr. Kellogg, made a presentation speech on the stage in the presence of the audience.

E. P. Smith and Ben Lester, comedians, are in their second year with Bennett and Moulton's *Over the Top*. They have grown up from the ranks.

H. E. Wheeler, who has been in the *Farmer's Daughter* company, was presented by his manager, C. W. Clegg, recently with a pair of diamond cuff-buttons.

A drama from the pen of Margaret Macdonald, entitled *Proof*, which was successfully presented in England, was given at the Grand Opera House, Boston, on March 22.

Theatre parties are beginning to get into gear at Harrison's Park Theatre. The first trip is still running in good shape, and is mainly composed of people from neighboring towns.

Manager Frank Martha is putting the work on the New Windsor Theatre, and now hopes to open by February. He has his eye on a popular star. Next week the work will be put in place.

Patti Rose is booked by a "Texas ponyman" for five years—in the intervals between, correspondence. Miss Rose says that the one thousand dollar is due her company, and the colony-day never lapses.

Having fulfilled all the engagements at Fayette, Charles W. Durst is now at the Brooklyn week of that play. Just now, the season.

—Last week at the Grand Opera House, Brooklyn, a rather unique party was engaged for seats for *Morlock*. Looking over the plan, he selected two seats, and then, almost maddened by thought: "How can we share the pup



# THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

IMA MULLE: BOSTON, 4, week.  IVY LEAF CO.: Cincinnati, 4, week; Buffalo, 21, 22, 23; James, 6, 7; Woon, 8; West Worth, 9; Dallas, 11, 12.  JAMES' O'NEILL'S MONTE LIRIO CO.: Austin, Tex., 6, 7; Woon, 8; West Worth, 9; Dallas, 11, 12.  JANAUERINN N. Y. CITY, 4, week; Allentown, Pa., 14; Jersey City, 18, 19; New York, 20, 21.  JONES' MUSSEVI: St. Louis, 4, week; Lafayette, Ind., 12; Logansport, 12; Fort Wayne, 13; Springfield, 13, 14; Columbus, 15, 16; Cincinnati, 16, week; Chicago, 21, week.  JOHN T. RAYMOND: Paterson, N. J., 7; Easton, Pa., 8; Scranton, 9; Elmira, N. Y., 11; Williamsport, Pa., 12; Harrisburg, 13; Lancaster, 14; Washington, Del., 16; Washington, 18, 19; Baltimore, 21, week.  J. K. ELLIS: Toledo, O., 18; Bay City, 19; E. Saginaw, 20; Detroit, 21, 22, 23; Ft. Wayne, 23; Peru, 1st, 20; Logansport, 23.  JOHN A. STEVENS: Detroit, 4, week; Bridgeport, Ct., 11; Meriden, 12; New Britain, 13; Springfield, Mass., 24; Lowell, 15, 16; Lawrence, 18; Haverhill, 19; Manchester, 20; Gloucester, 21; Lynn, 22, 23.  J. B. POLK: JACKSONVILLE, 7; CHAMPAIGN, 8; Cairo, 9; Memphis, 11, 12, 13; DOUGLASS, 12; CHATTANOOGA, 13; KNOXVILLE, 14; Frankfort, Ky., 15; Lexington, 16, 20.  J. H. KRAHN: Cincinnati, 4, week.  JOSEPH PROCTOR: Syracuse, 18, week.  JANIS: CHICAGO, 15, week.  J. Z. LITTLE'S WORLD: Newark, N. J., 4, week; Paterson, 11; Newburg, 12; Port Jervis, 13; Binghamton, 14; Cortland, 15; Syracuse, 16; Oswego, 18.  JENNIE HOLMAN: St. Louis, 4, two weeks.  JOSEPH D. CLIFTON CO.: Zanesville, O., 4, week.  JENNIE CALLEN: Madison, Ind., 7, 8, 9; Frankfort, Ky., 11, 12, 13; Bowling Green, 14, 15; Memphis, Tenn., 18, 19; Columbus, 21, 22, 23; Jackson, Miss., 25, 26, 27.  KATHERINE ROGERS: Toledo, O., 4, week.  KATE CASTLETON: Providence, 7, 8, 9.  KITTY RHODES: Piedmont, W. Va., 7, 8, 9; Frostburg, Md., 11, 12, 13.  KATIE PUTNEY: Vickburg, Miss., 8, 9.  KINNEY: ST. LOUIS, 4, week; Utica, 11, week; Amsterdam, 21, 22, 23.  KATE CLAXTON: McKeesport, Pa., 8; Jamestown, N. Y., 19.  KIRALY'S AROUND THE WORLD: San Francisco, Dec., 14, six weeks.  LAWRENCE BARRETT: Brooklyn, 4, week; Providence, 11, week; Boston, 12, 13, two weeks; N. Y. City, Feb., 1, four weeks.  LESTER EVANS: Washington, 4, week; Scranton, Pa., 11; Carlisle, 12; Pittston, 13; Hazleton, 14; Shenandoah, 15; Pottsville, 16; Brooklyn, 18, week.  LILLIE HINTON: Bradford, Pa., 4, week; Beaver Falls, 11, week; Newcastle, 18 to 21; Rochester, 22, 23; E. Liverpool, 0, 25, week.  LOTTAS: Pittsburgh, 4, week; Cleveland, 11, week; Cincinnati, 18, 19; two weeks; N. Y. City, Feb., 1, four weeks.  LOUISE SYLVESTER: Beatrice, Neb., 13; Hastings, 14; Greeley, 15; Grand Island, 16; Aurora, 18; York, 19; Seward, 20; Columbus, 21; Schuyler, 22, 23.  LOUISE ARNOT: Annapolis, Md., 4, week; Hagerstown, 11, week.  Laura DAINTY: Waltham, Mass., 9; Marlboro, 11; Middletown, Ct., 19.  LILLIAN LEWIS: Providence, 4, week.  LOTTIE CHURCH: Syracuse, 4, week.  LESTER HALL: WOODBURY, 13; Burlington, Ia., 7; Rock Island, 11, 12; Moline, 13.  LOUIS POMEROY: Reading, Pa., 4, week.  LITTLE NUGGETS CO.: St. Louis, 4, week; New Orleans, 11.  LIZZIE MAY ULMER: St. Paul, 7, 8, 9; Chicago, 18, week.  MARGARET MATHER: N. Y. City, Oct., 13—indefinite season.  MESTAVES-VAUGHN WE. & CO.: Brooklyn, E. D., 4, week; Boston, 11, week.  MARIE ATKINSON: Atlantic, Ia., 4, week; Des Moines, 11, week; Dubuque, 18, week.  MARY ANDERSON: Philadelphia, 4, two weeks; Baltimore, 18, week; Washington, 25, week; Cincinnati, Feb., 1, week.  MONTES CRISTO CO. (Zimmerman's): Albany, 4, week.  MODJESKA: N. Y. City, 4, two weeks.  MILTON NOBLES: Rockford, Ill., 7; Palman, 8; Englewood, 9; Chicago, 11, week; St. Louis, 18, week.  MAURICE PIKE'S CO.: Ossica, N. Y., 4, week; Canastota, 11, week.  MINNIE MADDEN: Logansport, Ind., 8; Cincinnati, 25, week.  M. B. CURTIS: Augusta, Ga., 7; Charleston, 8, 9; Jacksonville, Fla., 11, 12; Savannah, Ga., 13, 14; Marion, 15; Columbus, 16; Montgomery, Ala., 18; Mobile, 19; Birmingham, 20; Pensacola, Fla., 21; Mobile, 22, 23; New Orleans, 25, week.  MICHAEL STROGOFF CO.: Denver, 4, week; St. Joseph, Mo., 11, 12.  MARY GOODMAN: Providence, 7; Middlebury, Ct., 14; May Blossom Co.: St. Louis, 4, week; Springfield, Ill., 11; Peoria, 12; Terre Haute, Ind., 13; Indianapolis, 14, 15, 16.  MAGGIE MITCHELL: Louisville, 7, 8, 9; Hanibal, Mo., 18; Denver, Feb., 1, week.  MATTIE VICKERS: Wheeling, W. Va., 11, week.  MILTON ABRON'S TOURISTS: Utica, N. Y., 21.  MARIE GRANGER: Washington, 4, week.  MARIE AND MURPHY: Jersey City, 7, 8, 9; Brooklyn, 10, 11, week; New York, 12, 13; Newark, 14, 15; Bronx, 25, week; Philadelphia, Feb., 1, week; Pittsburgh, 8, week.  MR. AND MRS. GEORGE S. KNIGHT: Chicago, 4, week; Brooklyn, 11, week; N. Y. City, 18, week.  MINE'S SILVER KING CO. (Mack and Bangs): Chicago, 4, week.  MONTGOMERY CO.: Newcastle, Pa., 7; Troy, O., 8; Beloit, 9; St. Paul, 10; Cincinnati, 11; Delaware, 12; Newark, 13; Reading, W. Va., 14, week; Louisville, 15, week; Cincinnati, 16, week.  MCKNIGHT'S NAJAD QUEEN CO.: Detroit, 4, week.  YOUNGSTOWN, 22, 23; Oily City, Pa., 25.  MORTIMER WEAVER CO.: Crawfordsville, Ind., 11, week; Columbus, O., 18, week; Toledo, 25, week; HALO, Feb., 1, week.  MCNALLY CONDUIT CO.: Bowling Green, Ky., 4, week; Gallatin, Tenn., 11, 12; Murfreesboro, 13, week; Huntsville, Ala., 18, 19, week; Rome, Ga., Feb., 1, week.  MONTRELL COMPANIES.  BAIRD'S: Decatur, Ill., 9.  BARLOW-WILSON: Boston, Dec., 28—indefinite season.  BARTON BROTHERS CO.: Staunton, Va., 8.  H. H. HAWKES: Warren, R. I., 7; Middleboro, Mass., 8; Plymouth, 9; Abingdon, 11; Rockland, 12; Randolph, 13.  HAVERLY'S: Meadville, Pa., 11; Oil City, 12; Erie, 13; Jamestown, N. Y., 14; Oswego, 15.  KERBANS': Chattanooga, 18; Huntsville, Ala., 14.  LESTER AND ALLYN'S: Boston, 18, two weeks.  MCKEE'S: Philadelphia, 4, two weeks.  STETSON'S: Mikado Co.: Amsterdam, N. Y., 8; Norwich, N. Y., 9; Binghamton, 11; Elmira, 12; Auburn, 13; Rochester, 14; Utica, 15; Oregon, 16.  STEWART'S: Mikado Co.: New Bedford, Mass., 6; Portland, R. I., 8; New London, 12; Ansonia, 13; Waterbury, 14; Holyoke, Mass., 15; Meriden, Ct., 16.  TEMPLETON'S: Mikado Co.: Norfolk, Va., 8; Hampton, 9.  THOMPSON'S: Opera Co.: Portland, Oregon, Dec., 28, two weeks.  WILBUR OPERA CO.: Albany, 4, week; Rochester, 11, week.  MINSTREL COMPANIES.  ALICE OATES: Toronto, 4, week; Detroit, 11, week.  ASHTON BROTHERS CO.: Pottsville, Pa., 11; Shamokin, 12, 13; Shenandoah, 13, 14; Ashtabula, 15, 16; Pittston, 16; Wilkes-Barre, 18; Plymouth, 19, 20; Wilkes-Barre, 21, 22; Lock Haven, 22; Tyrone, 23.  ALL-STAR SPECIALTY CO.: San Francisco, Dec., 21, three weeks.  AUSTRALIAN NOVELTY CO.: Pittsburgh, 4, week; Cleveland, 11, week; Cincinnati, 18, week.  CASTING'S: Buffalo, 4, week; Cleveland, 11, week; Louisville, 18, 21, week.  DAVENEE'S: ATTRACTS: Chicago, 4, three weeks.  EUROPEAN SPECIALTY CO.: St. Louis, 18, week; Chicago, 25, week.  FOU EMDALS: Iowa City, 4, week; Cedar Rapids, 11, week.  FANNY HERRING: Portersmouth, Va., 4, week; Washington, 15, 16; Texarkana, 18; Palestine, 19; Tyler, 20; Sherman, 21, 22; Gainesville, 22; Denison, 23; Fort Worth, 25, 26; Waco, 27.  PAUL'S: Brooklyn, 4, week.  PAGE'S: BOSTON CO. (South New Orleans, 4, week; Lake Charles, 11, 12; Beaumont, Tex., 12; Houston, 13; Galveston, 14, 15; San Antonio, 16).  PECK'S: BAD BOY CO.: Lynn, Mass., 4, week.  ROSINA VOKES: New York, Dec., 21, four weeks.  ROLAND REED: Houston, Texas, 6, 7; San Antonio, 8, 9; Austin, 11, 12.  ROBISON AND CRANE: Baltimore, 4, week; Washington, 11, week; Pittsburgh, 18, week; Chicago, 25, three weeks.  ROSE COGNOLIN: Bradford, Pa., 9; Pittsburgh, 11, week; St. Louis, 18, week.  RHEA: Akron, O., 6, 7; Canton, 8, 9; Columbus, 11, 12; Springfield, 13; Zanesville, 14; Wheeling, W. Va., 15, 16; Marietta, O., 18; Parkersburg, W. Va., 19; Cumberland, Md., 20; Hagerstown, 21; Altoona, Pa., 22; Lancaster, 23.  ROSE: Albany, 7, 8, 9.  RAG BABY CO. (Western): Milwaukee, 7, 8, 9; St. Louis, 10, 11; Eau Claire, 12; Madison, 13; Milwaukee, 14, 15, 16; St. Paul, 17; Minneapolis, 18, 19; Denver, 20, 21; Phoenix, 22, 23.  RAG BABY CO. (Easter-Southern): Waco, Texas, 6, 7; Austin, 8, 9; Galveston, 11, 12, 13; Houston, 14, 15, 16; New Orleans, 18, week.  REEDMUND-BARRY CO.: St. Louis, 4, week.  BENTRUP'S PATHFINDERS: St. Louis, Mo., 8.  RICHARDSON CO.: Carlisle, Pa., 11, 12, 13; Reading, 14, 15, 16; York, 17, 18; Lancaster, 19, 20, 21.  SOL SMITH RUSS: Toronto, 4, week; Y. City, 11, week.  SHADOWS OF A GREAT CITY: Cleveland, 4, week; Philadelphia, 11, week; Buffalo, 18, week.  SALVINS: Washington, 7, 8, 9; Chicago, 11, two weeks.  STRANGLERS OF PARIS: Brockton, Mass., 4, week; Westerly, R. I., 11, 12; New London, 13, 14; Waterbury, 15, 16; Providence, 18, week; Indianapolis, 25, week.  SKATING RINK CO. (Nat Goodwin): Boston, 4, two weeks.  SKATING RINK CO. (Jacques Kruger): Los Angeles, Calif., 1, week.  SKIPPED BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON: Denver, 11, week.  SKIPPED BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON: (Fowler and Warming's Co.): Beaver Falls, Pa., 7; Rochester, 8; Salem, O., 9; Canton, 11; Mansfield, 12; Wooster, 13; Mansfield, 14; Newark, 15; Zanesville, 16; Lancaster, 17; Circleville, 18; Middlebury, 19; Frankfort, Ky., 21; Lexington, 22; Lebanon, O., 23; Hamilton, 24; Madison, Ind., 26.  SKIPPED BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON: (Fowler and Warming's Co.): Beaver Falls, Pa., 7; Rochester, 8; Salem, O., 9; Canton, 11; Mansfield, 12; Wooster, 13; Mansfield, 14; Newark, 15; Zanesville, 16; Lancaster, 17; Circleville, 18; Middlebury, 19; Frankfort, Ky., 21; Lexington, 22; Lebanon, O., 23; Hamilton, 24; Madison, Ind., 26.  STORM-BEATEN CO.: Detroit, 7, 8, 9; Chicago, 11, week.  STANDARD DRAMATIC CO.: Watertown, Pa., 4, two weeks; Corliss, 18, week; Williamsport, Pa., 21.  STORY OF NEW YORK CO.: Pittsburg, 4, week; Baltimore, 11, week; Lancaster, Pa., 18; Harrisburg, 10, 20; Pottsville, 16; Reading, 21; Scranton, 25; Pittston, 26; Wilkes-Barre, 27; Allentown, 28; Easton, 29; Trenton, N. J., 30; Philadelphia, Feb., 1, week.  SILVER SPUR CO.: Montgomery, Ala., 8; New Orleans, 11, week; St. Louis, 18, week; Louisville, Feb., 1, week.  SIMON COMEDY CO.: Keokuk, Ia., 4, week.  THE SODA CO.: Kansas City, 4, week; Quincy, Ill., 11; Keokuk, Ia., 12; Decatur, Ill., 13; Springfield, 14, 15; Bloomington, 16; Chicago, 18, two weeks.  TWO JOHN'S CO.: Boston, 4, week; Lawrence, 11; Manchester, 12; Lowell, 13; Lynn, 14; Fitchburg, 15; Thomas, 16, week.  W. K. ELLIS: Toledo, O., 18; Bay City, 19; E. Saginaw, 20; Detroit, 21, 22, 23; Ft. Wayne, 23; Peru, 1st, 20; Logansport, 23.  JOHN A. STEVENS: Detroit, 4, week; Bridgeport, Ct., 11; Meriden, 12; New Britain, 13; Springfield, Mass., 24; Lowell, 15, 16; Lawrence, 18; Haverhill, 19; Manchester, 20; Gloucester, 21; Lynn, 22, 23.  THOMAS W. KREIN: Kansas City, 4, week.  TAVERNIER CO.: Battle Creek, Mich., 28, two weeks; Flint, 1, 2, 3.  THE TIDEWATER CO.: Lowell, Mass., 28, two weeks; Hartland, Ct., 29; New Haven, 30; Brockton, Mass., 35, week; Holyoke, Feb., 1, week; Norwich, Ct., 38, week.  W. J. SCANLAN: E. Saginaw, Mich., 7; Lansing, 8; Grand Rapids, 9; Battle Creek, 11.  WALLICK'S BANDIT CO.: Dayton, O., 6, 7; Richmond, Ind., 8; Terre Haute, 9; St. Louis, 11, week; Quincy, Ill., 12, 13; Springfield, 14; Decatur, 15; Lafayette, Ind., 16; Chicago, 17; Lyons, 18; Fitchburg, 19; Thomas, 20, 21; Rochester, 22, 23; Indianapolis, 24, week; Chicago, 25, week.  W. J. FERGUSON: Providence, 4, week.  W. E. SHERIDAN: Syracuse, 7, 8; Rochester, 8; Indianapolis, 14, 15; Chicago, 16; Chicago, 25, week.  W. H. LYTTEL CO.: Winona, Dec., 21, four weeks.  WILLIAMS' COLLEGE BAWN CO.: Brooklyn, Jan. 4, week.  WAGERS CO.: Toledo, O., 11, 12; Fall River, 13; Fall River, 14, 15; Fall River, 16; Fall River, 17; Fall River, 18; Fall River, 19; Fall River, 20; Fall River, 21; Fall River, 22; Fall River, 23; Fall River, 24; Fall River, 25; Fall River, 26; Fall River, 27; Fall River, 28; Fall River, 29; Fall River, 30; Fall River, 31; Fall River, 32; Fall River, 33; Fall River, 34; Fall River, 35; Fall River, 36; Fall River, 37; Fall River, 38; Fall River, 39; Fall River, 40; Fall River, 41; Fall River, 42; Fall River, 43; Fall River, 44; Fall River, 45; Fall River, 46; Fall River, 47; Fall River, 48; Fall River, 49; Fall River, 50; Fall River, 51; Fall River, 52; Fall River, 53; Fall River, 54; Fall River, 55; Fall River, 56; Fall River, 57; Fall River, 58; Fall River, 59; Fall River, 60; Fall River, 61; Fall River, 62; Fall River, 63; Fall River, 64; Fall River, 65; Fall River, 66; Fall River, 67; Fall River, 68; Fall River, 69; Fall River, 70; Fall River, 71; Fall River, 72; Fall River, 73; Fall River, 74; Fall River, 75; Fall River, 76; Fall River, 77; Fall River, 78; Fall River, 79; Fall River, 80; Fall River, 81; Fall River, 82; Fall River, 83; Fall River, 84; Fall River, 85; Fall River, 86; Fall River, 87; Fall River, 88; Fall River, 89; Fall River, 90; Fall River, 91; Fall River, 92; Fall River, 93; Fall River, 94; Fall River, 95; Fall River, 96; Fall River, 97; Fall River, 98; Fall River, 99; Fall River, 100; Fall River, 101; Fall River, 102; Fall River, 103; Fall River, 104; Fall River, 105; Fall River, 106; Fall River, 107; Fall River, 108; Fall River, 109; Fall River, 110; Fall River, 111; Fall River, 112; Fall River, 113; Fall River, 114; Fall River, 115; Fall River, 116; Fall River, 117; Fall River, 118; Fall River, 119; Fall River, 120; Fall River, 121; Fall River, 122; Fall River, 123; Fall River, 124; Fall River, 125; Fall River, 126; Fall River, 127; Fall River, 128; Fall River, 129; Fall River, 130; Fall River, 131; Fall River, 132; Fall River, 133; Fall River, 134; Fall River, 135; Fall River, 136; Fall River, 137; Fall River, 138; Fall River, 139; Fall River, 140; Fall River, 141; Fall River, 142; Fall River, 143; Fall River, 144; Fall River, 145; Fall River, 146; Fall River, 147; Fall River, 148; Fall River, 149; Fall River, 150; Fall River, 151; Fall River, 152; Fall River, 153; Fall River, 154; Fall River, 155; Fall River, 156; Fall River, 157; Fall River, 158; Fall River, 159; Fall River, 160; Fall River, 161; Fall River, 162; Fall River, 163; Fall River, 164; Fall River, 165; Fall River, 166; Fall River, 167; Fall River, 168; Fall River, 169; Fall River, 170; Fall River, 171; Fall River, 172; Fall River, 173; Fall River, 174; Fall River, 175; Fall River, 176; Fall River, 177; Fall River, 178; Fall River, 179; Fall River, 180; Fall River, 181; Fall River, 182; Fall River, 183; Fall River, 184; Fall River, 185; Fall River, 186; Fall River, 187; Fall River, 188; Fall River, 189; Fall River, 190; Fall River, 191; Fall River, 192; Fall River, 193; Fall River, 194; Fall River, 195; Fall River, 196; Fall River, 197; Fall River, 198; Fall River, 199; Fall River, 200; Fall River, 201; Fall River, 202; Fall River, 203; Fall River, 204; Fall River, 205; Fall River, 206; Fall River, 207; Fall River, 208; Fall River, 209; Fall River, 210; Fall River, 211; Fall River, 212; Fall River, 213; Fall River, 214; Fall River, 215; Fall River, 216; Fall River, 217; Fall River, 218; Fall River, 219; Fall River, 220; Fall River, 221; Fall River, 222; Fall River, 223; Fall River, 224; Fall River, 225; Fall River, 226; Fall River, 227; Fall River, 228; Fall River, 229; Fall River, 230; Fall River, 231; Fall River, 232; Fall River, 233; Fall River, 234; Fall River, 235; Fall River, 236; Fall River, 237; Fall River, 238; Fall River, 239; Fall River, 240; Fall River, 241; Fall River, 242; Fall River, 243; Fall River, 244; Fall River, 245; Fall River, 246; Fall River, 247; Fall River, 248; Fall River, 249; Fall River, 250; Fall River, 251; Fall River, 252; Fall River, 253; Fall River, 254; Fall River, 255; Fall River, 256; Fall River, 257; Fall River, 258; Fall River, 259; Fall River, 260; Fall River, 261; Fall River, 262; Fall River, 263; Fall River, 264; Fall River, 265; Fall River, 266; Fall River, 267; Fall River



# THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

## More Pleasant Comments.

Boston Evening Traveller.

Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske, the brilliant young editor of THE NEW YORK MIRROR, always succeeds in making the Christmas number of that paper a gem. This year he has surpassed himself. It is the finest one yet issued from that office, and contains contributions from some of the most prominent men and women of the stage, as well as writers of note and eminent ability. The numerous portraits and smaller pictures are superior to any that ever appeared in that paper before in the way of artistic finish and design. The supplement, which is a portrait of Miss Fanny Davenport, the beautiful and distinguished actress, is an exquisite piece of work, and well worth framing. The Christmas number could not be improved upon.

Albany Argus.

The Christmas number of THE NEW YORK MIRROR is a notable issue of an admirable journal. It presents, for the usual price, eighteen pages and a supplement and a number of excellent illustrations. The special contributions are sketches and stories by Frederick Paulding, Lotta, Joseph Haworth, Fred. Lennox, F. Federici, Cornelius Matthews, Fred. Lyster, Lizzie Evans, Edward Harrigan, Howard Paul, Nat. C. Goodwin and Victoria A. Schilling. On such an occasion as this the members of the dramatic profession show that they can wield a pen gracefully as well as wear the buskins with credit. A beautiful portrait of Miss Fanny Davenport accompanies the number.

Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star.

It has become the fashion for the various weekly publications to issue an extra Christmas number, and being a fashionable paper THE NEW YORK MIRROR has issued a very handsome Christmas edition, which has fully as elegant an appearance, and which contains fully as much choice reading matter, as the Christmas number of any weekly publication we have yet seen. There are eighteen pages of the special edition, containing a number of illustrations that are of the very greatest artistic excellence, besides a large amount of information of the doings of professionals, a story by Lizzie Evans and a large picture of Fanny Davenport, THE MIRROR has reason to feel proud of its latest. We wish it a happy and prosperous New Year.

Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

THE MIRROR's supplement is a handsome process portrait of Fanny Davenport, and the number is particularly strong in its recitals of experience by well known actors, who write remarkably well considering that writing is not their business. Joseph Haworth tells the touching story of John McCullough's last performance, and the rehearsal of "The Gladiator" that followed the final breakdown in Chicago; Nat Goodwin writes amusingly of his first appearance, and Victoria Morosini-Schilling and Lizzie Evans have stories.

Harrisburg (Penn.) Daily Patriot.

The holiday number of the NEW YORK MIRROR is as elaborate as it is admirable. It contains eighteen pages and a supplement with a life-size lithograph portrait of Fanny Davenport. The vast volume of space is filled with interesting matter, including choice poetry, sketches and correspondence, all written by members of the profession. Its typography is of the best, and the publishers of THE MIRROR are to be congratulated on having issued one of the finest numbers of a class periodical ever presented in this or any other country.

Savannah (Ga.) Daily Times.

The Christmas number of THE NEW YORK MIRROR was a superb paper, filled with interesting news and excellent illustrations, and has for its representative in Savannah a very clever and enterprising young gentleman.

Champaign (Ill.) Democrat.

The annual Christmas numbers of the NEW YORK MIRROR have always been revelations in typography, paper and press work. But this year's number even excels its predecessors. The cover is a handsome piece of work, being a Winter scene, and besides the name of the paper has in the centre a picture of Helen Dauvray in "One of Our Girls." The paper contains a number of poems and sketches by leading writers, besides the regular list of correspondents' reports and the contributions of the Usher and dear Giddy Gusher. The illustrations are scenes from Saints and Sinners, Hoodman Blind, and engravings of Harley Merry, the scenic artist, whose picture equals the finest photo; Bertha Welby and Marie Heath. The supplement is an engraving of Fanny Davenport on rich cardboard, and worthy of a place among the works of art. THE MIRROR, of which Harrison Grey Fiske is the editor, is the leading amusement journal of this country.

Allentown (Pa.) Chronicle and News.

The Christmas number of THE NEW YORK MIRROR is a beautiful specimen of typography. Besides a large supplement of Fanny Davenport as Fedora, which is suitable for framing, it contains portraits of Bertha Welby, Marie Heath, and Harley Merry; also full page scenes from Saints and Sinners and Hoodman Blind. The articles were written by some of the most prominent actors and actresses in the profession. Altogether it is an excellent number.

Macon (Ga.) Telegraph and Messenger.

The Christmas number of THE NEW YORK MIRROR was superb. THE MIRROR is the finest dramatic paper in the world, and its representative in Macon is one of the cleverest young men connected with the press.

Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.

The Christmas number of THE NEW YORK MIRROR has been received. It is very handsomely gotten up, and has a full-sheet separate portrait of Fanny Davenport, with facsimile of her signature thereon. It is a handsome picture and an excellent likeness. THE MIRROR is an old and standard periodical, full of interesting musical and theatrical news and gossip. Harrison Grey Fiske is the editor.

Boston Courier.

The Christmas number of THE NEW YORK MIRROR is an excellent paper. Besides its vast quantities of interesting information regarding the profession and entertaining articles, it contains several well executed pictures and a large and beautiful heliotype of Miss Fanny Davenport.

Lowell (Mass.) Daily Courier.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR, the best of dramatic papers, makes a special feature of its Christmas number. This year the holiday issue is of more than ordinary interest. A fine portrait of Fanny Davenport is given, and numerous illustrations. Original articles by well-known actors are numerous. Alto-

gether THE MIRROR people should be proud of the number.

Boston Sunday Globe.

Very ornate was the Christmas number of THE NEW YORK MIRROR. Many noted folk contributed to its generous pages and the dainty issue was greatly admired.

Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

The Christmas number of THE NEW YORK MIRROR proved one of the brightest, most interesting, and withal handsomest of the many holiday publications coming under our immediate notice. Its great merit should commend it to all readers of dramatic journals.

Baltimore Telegram.

The Christmas number of THE NEW YORK MIRROR, is a notable issue of an admirable journal. It presents, for the usual price, eighteen pages and a supplement and a number of excellent illustrations. The special contributions are sketches and stories by Frederick Paulding, Lotta, Joseph Haworth, Fred. Lennox, F. Federici, Cornelius Matthews, Fred. Lyster, Lizzie Evans, Edward Harrigan, Howard Paul, Nat. C. Goodwin and Victoria A. Schilling. On such an occasion as this the members of the dramatic profession show that they can wield a pen gracefully as well as wear the buskins with credit. A beautiful portrait of Miss Fanny Davenport accompanies the number.

Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star.

The Christmas number of THE NEW YORK MIRROR was far ahead of anything it has yet attempted and fully illustrates the aggressiveness and enterprise of that paper. It contains sketches written by Nat C. Goodwin, Victoria A. Schilling, Joseph Haworth, Fred. Lennox, Lizzie Evans, Ed. Harrigan, Fay Templeton, Adelaide Moore and Fred. Paulding, all well known in the theatrical profession. Portraits of Helen Dauvray, Bertha Welby, Harley Merry and Marie Heath adorn its pages and a large and handsome portrait of Fanny Davenport forms a handsome supplement. Printed on the best of book paper, free from all typographical errors, its sixteen pages, replete with interesting matters peculiar to the stage, and drama—all form a paper that the publishers should be proud of; and but a cursory glance need be given it to find the reason why it stands at the front of all journals devoted exclusively to the theatrical world.

Coldwater (Mich.) Republican.

The Christmas number of THE NEW YORK MIRROR comes to us in holiday attire, and in real French plate. It contains excellent portraits of Helen Dauvray, Bertha Welby and others, and the pages are filled with reliable and interesting reading for those fond of things theatrical. It also contains a supplement of artistic merit—a portrait of Fanny Davenport mounted on heavy cardboard for framing.

Indianapolis (Ind.) Herald.

By far the handsomest Christmas number of any of the dramatic papers was that of THE NEW YORK MIRROR. It contains eighteen pages of excellently edited and arranged matter, and a very fine picture of Fanny Davenport, made after the autotype process. The paper is conceded to be the best on the list.

New Bedford (Mass.) Mercury.

The Christmas issue of THE NEW YORK MIRROR is a unique and beautiful holiday production. Its pages are filled with stories and sketches by prominent actors and actresses, and it has several pages of illustrations of scenes from popular dramas. In a supplement is a full page portrait of Fanny Davenport.

Waterbury American.

THE MIRROR is at the head of theatrical journalism.

Waukegan (Ill.) Democrat.

The NEW YORK MIRROR comes out with a very handsome holiday number, containing a choice engraving of Fanny Davenport as a supplement. The leading plays in New York are pictorialized and the reading throughout is unexceptionally good. THE MIRROR is an enterprising journal.

Kokomo (Ind.) Dispatch.

The Christmas number of THE NEW YORK MIRROR, the leading journal of the American theatrical world, is before its readers. In typographical appearance, beauty of illustrations, excellence of subject matter, and magnitude of proportions, it is far ahead of all preceding undertakings, and well sustains its place at the head of dramatic journalism.

Chicago Music and Drama.

The illustrations in the Christmas number of THE NEW YORK MIRROR are simply beautiful. Our contemporary is a mirror in which any beauty might delight to see herself reflected.

Mamaroneck (N. Y.) Register.

The Christmas number of THE NEW YORK MIRROR is one of the handsomest publications yet issued by the proprietors of that enterprising journal, and who are to be congratulated upon their latest and most successful effort in providing a representative dramatic weekly in the interest of the profession.

Breese's Grand Rapids (Mich.) Herald.

The Christmas number of THE NEW YORK MIRROR was a magnificent paper again this year. People in no way connected with or interested in the stage would do well to buy it, as the portrait of Fanny Davenport is worth ten times the price of the paper (ten cents) for framing. Harrison Grey Fiske, the editor of THE MIRROR, is an enterprising and enthusiastic journalist, and he is ever alive to the interests of the dramatic profession. Stage folks should not forget that he is a tried and trusty friend; indeed they do not, for THE MIRROR to-day is the best patronized and most reliable of all the journals devoted to the profession.

Professional Doings.

—Pauline Duffield, singing soubrette, ingenue or juveniles, is at liberty.

—The Elks Ball will be given on Jan. 14 at the Academy of Music. Extensive preparations are being made for the event.

—It is among the probabilities that The Tinted Venus will be produced by the Vokes Comedy Company during the last week of their stay at the Standard Theatre, which ends on the 16th inst.

—The Myra Goodwin Sis company were at the Crocker House, New London, Ct., Sunday night, when that hotel was almost totally destroyed by fire. The star and company had a very narrow escape. They saved most of their baggage. An offer of aabstent from Local Manager Delevan was declined.

Lowell (Mass.) Daily Courier.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR, the best of dramatic papers, makes a special feature of its Christmas number. This year the holiday issue is of more than ordinary interest. A fine portrait of Fanny Davenport is given, and numerous illustrations. Original articles by well-known actors are numerous. Alto-

—It has been stated that Walter Bentley was the husband of May Brooklyn. Mr. Bentley denies that a marriage contract exists between himself and the lady, whatever the future may have in store.

—Oliver Byron has passed the hundredth performance of The Inside Track. The play promises to become as popular as Across the Continent. It meets with especial favor in the West, and return dates are in demand.

—A. S. Pennoyer writes that Rose Leverette was the Christmas number of THE NEW YORK MIRROR. Many noted folk contributed to its generous pages and the dainty issue was greatly admired.

Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

—Adelaide Fitz-Allan, of Rhea's support, receives excellent notices for her performance of Louise in Frou Frou. At the age of five, while a pupil at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Miss Fitz-Allan delivered the address to the then Archbishop McCloskey.

Baltimore Telegram.

—A. S. Pennoyer writes that Rose Leverette is an artistic success in Leah. In every town visited she has had requests to play return engagements. Miss Leverette intended playing only two weeks, but she will stay out indefinitely. She plays in Albany this week.

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# THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

To Managers or Persons Interested in  
THEATRICAL COMPANIES  
THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES.

The undersigned Manager of the Grand Opera House of this city (Little Rock, Ark.) hereby notifies said interested parties that he, having been informed that one G. H. Hyde, of this city, has been trying to have companies cancel dates at the Grand Opera House and play at his (G. H. Hyde's) house, agreeing to stand all damages incurred by companies having contracts with the Opera House and cancelling the same; therefore, I, J. E. RIELLEY, Manager of the Grand Opera House, now do hereby warn him or any other to do the same to me, not to pay any attention to said Hyde, or any parties writing his name, he not being lawfully able to conduct any business in his own name, but is hiding from his creditors by using the name of his wife or son. I refer you to the different commercial agencies, to Alexander, of the Burr Oaks Combination, the different Theatre Chair Manufacturers throughout the United States and others. Noting that the character and business of the theatre, the past fifteen years in theatrical business will bear me out in my assertion, I am, Yours most respectfully,

J. E. RIELLEY.

CARD.

One H. P. Somers is fraudulently using the name of my name.

**Little Corinne,**

and thus misleads the public. There is but one LITTLE CORINNE, and she is in my management. Managers and agents are warned. Readers may address me or my agents for information. Honoring the name of the Corinne Misnomers will be found.

JENNIE KIMBALL.

**NO ONE**  
has the undersigned the right to play or permit to be played the drama of

**MY PARTNER**

Those who are doing so under various titles, such as "The Partners," "Mystery of the Mines," "Siskies," etc., etc., together with Managers, Proprietors or Owners of Theatres, Opera Houses, Museums or other places of amusement, are liable for damages of not less than \$100 for the first, and \$50 for every subsequent performance, to the author, in accordance with Act of Congress, 1865.

Act of Congress passed by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That any copyright heretofore granted under the laws of the United States to the author or proprietor of any dramatic composition, designed or suited for public representation, shall be deemed null and void to cover the name or title of the author, his heirs or executors, and the copyright, the sole right to print and publish the said composition, the sole right also to act, perform or represent the same, or cause it to be acted, performed or represented, on any stage or public place during the whole period for which the copyright is obtained; and any manager, actor or other person acting, performing, representing or permitting to be performed the said composition, without the consent of the author of the said composition, without paying to the author, his heirs or executors, shall be liable for damages to be paid for and recovered by action on the case or other equivalent remedy, with costs of suit, in any court of the United States, such damages in all cases to be rated and assessed at such sum not less than one hundred dollars for the first and fifty dollars for every subsequent performance, as to the court having jurisdiction thereof, shall appear to be just.

As soon as I can get to the various places where

**MY PARTNER**

has been illegally presented, I shall take legal action against the (so-called) managers or owners of theatres and houses, those thereof to steal and injure MY PROPERTY.

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